The Outlook

Vol. 69 December 21, 1901 No. 16

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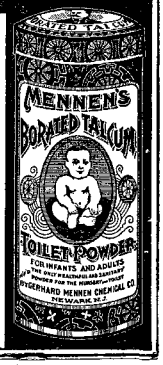

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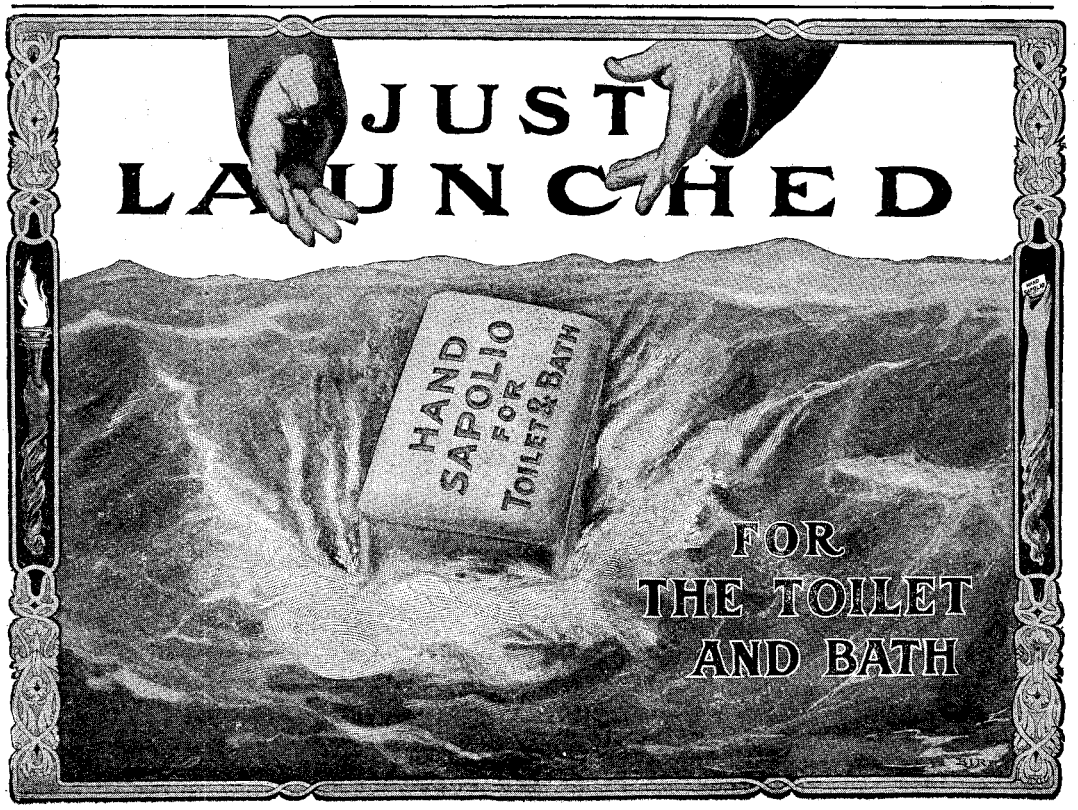

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The Philippine Tariff Bill

The Philippine tariff bill reported to the House of Representatives by the Ways and Means Committee treats the Philippines as foreign territory in all respects except the very important one that the duties collected in our ports from Philippine products—and paid, of course, mainly by our consumers—are turned into the Philippine treasury and not into our own. Exactly the same duties, however, are to be imposed in our ports upon Philippine products as upon the products of all foreign nations, and (to our credit) the same duties are to be imposed in Philippine ports upon our products as upon the products of our foreign competitors. The principle of "the open door" is therefore maintained, though the "door" in this case is so slightly ajar that only a contracted trade can squeeze through. The predictions in the early press despatches that substantial concessions would be made in the scale of duties applicable to Philippine products are unfulfilled. At the meeting of the Republican members of the Committee, Representative Russell, of Connecticut, proposed that Philippine imports into this country and American imports into the Philippines should each be relieved of one-fifth of the regular rates of duty, but he was supported only by Representative Fletcher, of Minnesota. The other Republican members voted against making any discriminations, partly because discriminations in favor of American imports into the Philippines would offend other countries maintaining the open door in their dependencies, and partly because discriminations in favor of Philippine imports into this country would offend important interests here—particularly the sugar-producers, who hold the balance of power in many doubtful districts and one or two doubtful States. When the entire Committee was called together, the Democratic members did not care to force a division upon Representative Russell's proposition, partly because they did not altogether want concessions binding the Philippines more securely to the position of a dependency, and partly because one of their number—Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana—was certain to vote with the Republican majority against any concession to the Philippine sugar-producers. The Republican majority's draft, therefore, was reported without modification.

❀

The Republican and Democratic Reports

The majority report commending the bill for immediate passage by Congress states very justly that its purpose is to give the authority of National law to the duties which were being collected both in this country and in the Philippines before the recent decision of the Supreme Court. Only one change of importance was made, and that was to relieve American manufacturers from paying internal revenue duties upon products they send to the Philippines. This provision, however, merely puts our exports to the Philippines on the same basis as our exports to foreign nations—our exporters being always entitled to rebate of all duties they have paid in this country. The majority report dwells at length upon the imperative need of revenue in the Philippines to continue the constabulary system, provide school buildings and teachers for the 150,000 children already enrolled, and carry forward the work of improving harbors and constructing expensive roads, and concludes by urging that Congress act at once on the pending bill. The minority report—which the Democratic member from Louisiana does not sign—condemns the bill as "another step in the well-marked line of

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imperialism," and as "an unjust and illiberal" measure for the government of a subject colony. The minority report dwells at length upon the financial aspects of our work in the Philippines. Our trade there last year, it states, aggregated but $5,000,000, and at the highest estimate yielded a profit not exceeding $1,000,000. Over against this our military operations cost us $85,000,000 during the one year—or over $300,000,000 up to date. Foreign nations which have incurred no expense are enjoying a Philippine trade aggregating $48,000,000 a year. This criticism of course would be conclusive if the object of our policy in the Philippines had been financial profit; but relatively few Americans have ever supported it from this motive. The criticism which will weigh most with those who believe that we are in the Philippines as a matter of duty is the statement that the tariff bill is ungenerous toward our dependency. The Outlook's position upon this point is stated more fully in another column. We believe that our Government, when acting in the capacity of a guardian for a ward, is morally bound to consider exclusively the interests of the ward. The pending bill, which treats the ward in many respects as an alien—partly because private interests rather than public interests in the United States so dictate—falls short of fulfilling our National duty.

❀

Other Work of Congress Apart from the Isthmian Canal treaty, ratified on Monday by the Senate by a vote of 72 to 6, and the Philippine tariff bill just discussed, the most important measures that have been reported are Representative Hepburn's bill for the immediate construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and Senator Frye's modified bill for the establishment of a subsidy to American shipping. Mr. Hepburn's bill is substantially the same as was reported last year. It appropriates $10,000,000 immediately, and authorizes the Secretary of War to make contracts not exceeding $180,000,000, for the construction and defense of a canal from Greytown to Brito deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels now in use. Last year the bill developed enormous strength despite the fact that our treaty relations with Great Britain and the opposition to hasty action on the part of the Isthmian Canal Commission caused the more conservative friends of the Nicaragua route to oppose its passage. This year the relations with Great Britain seem to be entirely adjusted, and the Canal Commission is reported to favor action by Congress along the lines of the Hepburn bill. Its friends, therefore, are generally confident of its passage at the present session. Only one member of the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce—Representative Fletcher, of Minnesota—voted against its favorable report. Senator Frye's new subsidy bill concedes a good deal—except in principle—to the Western Republicans whose opposition killed his bill last year. The new bill gives no subsidy to foreign-built vessels which seek an American registry, and provides that a larger part of the subsidy shall go to the slow freight vessels largely used in carrying our agricultural products abroad. The amount of the proposed subsidy is also less, but what it may be no layman can figure from the provisions of the bill, and the experts have not yet reported to the country at large. It is stated in some of the Washington despatches that the friends of the bill expect to get it through Congress by allying themselves with the interests demanding "liberal" National appropriations for rivers and harbors and for irrigation work. It is possible that such a combination of special interests may worst the general interests—for the latter are worsted when the public treasury is drained to favor one industry above another.

❀

The Cuban Sugar Question The beet-sugar producers, who gathered in National Convention in Washington last week, gave little attention to the Philippine tariff bill—they are entirely satisfied with its provisions—but much to the tariff on Cuban sugar, which President Roosevelt and General Wood want reduced. A deputation visited the President to protest against the reductions he has favored, but found him, we are glad to learn, firm for a generous measure of reciprocity with the islands. The Cuban sugar question may seem at first glance to

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affect only the Cuban sugar-planter, but it has a much wider scope, and involves not only the welfare of more than half of the Cuban people, but the possible acquisition and control of a market for American products that is already of great importance, and that will grow more and more valuable as the Cuban population increases numerically and gains in wealth and purchasing power. The situation is outlined by Secretary Root in a striking passage, as follows:

> In reliance upon fair and generous treatment by the United States, the Cuban planters have made strenuous efforts to revive their great industry, and have raised their product of sugar from 308,000 tons in 1899 to 615,000 tons in 1900, while the output for the present year is estimated at something more than 800,000 tons. . . . All the capital they had or could borrow has been invested in the rebuilding of their buildings and the replanting of their lands. More than half of the people of the island are depending, directly or indirectly, upon the success of this industry. If it succeeds, we may expect peace, plenty, domestic order, and the happiness of a free and contented people. . . . If it fails, we may expect that the fields will again become waste, the mills will again become dismantled, the great body of laborers will be thrown out of employment, and poverty and starvation, disorder and anarchy, will prevail.

The Secretary does not say—and perhaps it would not be proper for him to say—that the success of this great industry is directly dependent upon a reduction of at the very least one-quarter in the existing American tariff on Cuban sugar; but such is the opinion of most disinterested students of Cuban conditions.

❀

The Crisis in Cuba

The bounties paid by Germany, Austria, and France to their beet-sugar growers—varying from 27 cents to 38 cents per hundred pounds—enable them to sell their exported product below the actual cost of manufacture, and thus practically to exclude Cuban sugars from the British as well as from the Continental markets. In the fiscal year of 1900 only $19,000 worth of Cuban cane products were sold in the markets of the world outside of the United States, and in 1901 only $12,000 worth. Cuban planters, therefore, must sell their sugar here, if they sell it at all; and at present prices and under the existing tariff they cannot possibly do this with success. Owing to the varying conditions under which sugar is manufactured in Cuba, the average cost of production for the island as a whole cannot be exactly stated. General James H. Wilson, who was Governor of Matanzas, and who has given close attention to the subject, thinks that the average expense of manufacture, under the most favorable conditions, is $2 per cwt. Assuming that this is a fair estimate, and taking the figures of Mr. E. F. Atkins, of Cienfuegos, for shipping charges, ocean freights, etc., the actual cost-value of Cuban sugar, when delivered, duty paid, in New York City, would be approximately as follows:

Original expense of manufacture per cwt	$2 00
Packing, storage, lighterage, and shipping commission	25
Ocean freight to New York	10
American duty	1 68½
Cost, duty paid, in New York	$4 03½

At present prices this sugar would bring in the New York market only $3.75, so that the Cuban producers would lose 28½ cents on every cwt., or about $4,000,000 on the estimated crop of this season. A few planters, like Mr. Atkins, of Cienfuegos, whose estates and mills are favorably situated or skillfully managed, may be able to manufacture sugar at a little less than $2 per cwt.; but this is reported to be a low average of cost for the island as a whole, and it may be doubted whether there is a planter in Cuba who can now pay a duty of $1.68½ per cwt. and sell sugar in New York at a living profit. Unless, therefore, a substantial reduction be made by Congress in the existing sugar tariff, the Cuban planters, who, as Secretary Root says, have put "all the capital they had or could borrow into the rebuilding of their buildings and the replanting of their lands," and who hope, with the proceeds of this season's crop, to pay their laborers, meet the interest on their mortgages, and get once more on their feet, will be embarrassed, workmen will be thrown out of employment, and the United States, as the guarantor of peace and good order in Cuba, will be brought face to face with an economic crisis on the island which may have much more serious results than are to be apprehended from any merely political agitation or disaffection. The

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question will come up in Congress soon after the holiday recess, and should have serious and prompt consideration.

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The Schley Case Two reports rendered to Secretary Long by the Court of Inquiry into the conduct of Admiral Schley have been made public. The first is signed by Admiral Dewey as President and by the Judge Advocate—this being the formal style of signing all such reports. The second is signed by Admiral Dewey personally (the word President being omitted), and in it he sets forth the matters in which he differs from his colleagues, Admiral Benham and Admiral Ramsey. The main report is adverse to Admiral Schley on most points, directly or by implication, but declares that "his conduct during the battle of July 3 was self-possessed, and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinate officers and men to fight courageously." Admiral Dewey goes further and declares that Admiral Schley was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships. Taking up first those matters specifically alleged against Admiral Schley as to which the two reports differ, we find that the majority of the Court hold that he did not proceed with due despatch from Cienfuegos to Santiago; that he did not maintain as close a blockade as he should have done at Santiago; that he did not use due diligence at Cienfuegos in obtaining information of the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet. Admiral Dewey holds to the contrary on all these points, and accepts the argument that the speed of the squadron was properly made dependent on keeping it united and on having a good coal supply on arrival. But the majority report contains opinions on other charges, as to which Admiral Dewey says nothing, and as to which therefore it is to be presumed he agrees with his brother admirals. These are, it seems to us, of greater importance than the matters about which the Court disagreed. We quote from that part of the report which gives the opinions of the Court as distinct from its finding on facts:

He should not have made the retrograde turn westward with his squadron.

He should have promptly obeyed the Navy Department's order of May 25.

He should have endeavored to capture or destroy the Spanish vessels at anchor near the entrance of Santiago Harbor on May 29 and 30.

He did not do his utmost with the force under his command to capture or destroy the Colon and other vessels of the enemy which he attacked on May 31.

By commencing the engagement on July 3 with the port battery, and turning the Brooklyn around with port helm, Commodore Schley caused her to lose distance and position with the Spanish vessels, especially with the Vizcaya and Colon.

The turn of the Brooklyn to starboard was made to avoid getting her into dangerous proximity to the Spanish vessels. The turn was made toward the Texas, and caused that vessel to stop and to back her engines to avoid possible collision.

Admiral Schley did injustice to Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Hodgson in publishing only a portion of the correspondence which passed between them.

In view of these findings, the majority report describes Commodore Schley's conduct prior to June 1, 1898, as "characterized by vacillation, dilatoriness, and lack of enterprise," and his official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the Flying Squadron as "inaccurate and misleading." There was certainly conflicting evidence on some of the charges of the "precept," but it is to be assumed that the Court of Inquiry weighed these contradictions and gave credence to the testimony which preponderated in quantity and quality. Some of the adverse findings imply merely lack of judgment at a critical moment—and in this class we should place the making of the famous "loop" at the battle of Santiago; others clearly impute disobedience and dilatoriness, while the opinion as to the correspondence with Mr. Hodgson, taken in connection with the Court's finding of fact in this connection, indicates that there was an attempt to deceive.

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Public Opinion The findings of the Court of Inquiry cannot lead to a court martial, as the time for that under the law has passed, and there is little doubt that the Naval Department will accept the united recommendation of the Court of Inquiry that no further proceedings be had in the premises. A Congressional investigation is possible, but Admiral Schley's counsel are reported as

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saying that they have no intention of taking steps to bring about such an inquiry. The people at large will, we think, concur in the opinion that the subject be now allowed to rest. They should also accept as final the findings of the Court. No one can read any authentic account of the naval battle of Santiago without knowing that the Brooklyn under Commodore Schley's direct command took a splendid and efficient part in that battle; no one can read such an account and believe for a moment that Commodore Schley has a drop of cowardly blood. Whether or not, as Admiral Dewey declares (somewhat gratuitously, for the question was not laid before the Court in its "precept" or order of procedure, and evidence upon it was carefully excluded), Commodore Schley was technically in command of the fleet during the battle, and therefore theoretically entitled to the credit of the acts of the fleet as a whole, may fairly be left as an open question; it is not one which involves any charges of misconduct against either Admiral Schley or Admiral Sampson, and, despite an ignorant popular impression, it is not the cause of the former criticism on Admiral Schley by the Department, nor of the inquiry just closed. The collective gravamen of the many specifications which the Court of Inquiry has sustained is that when Commodore Schley was in undisputed command of a squadron he deliberately evaded carrying out the orders of the Department (whether because he thought the Department was mistaken or not is immaterial), that he gave excuses for his conduct which are not supported by facts, that his delay and lack of action might have allowed the enemy to escape, and that, finally, his treatment of the Hodgson correspondence was not fair and aboveboard. The facts arrayed by the Court justify its opinions, and the dissent of Admiral Dewey is not to those findings of fact and expressions of opinion in general, but only to a few of them, as above specified, and those of minor consequence.

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Civil Service Reform

Naturally, the dominant feeling at the twenty-first annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League in Boston last week was one of satisfaction with the attitude of President Roosevelt towards the principles of the League, and the practical application by his Administration of these principles in appointments and in expressions of intention. There was evident in the addresses and in the conversation of the delegates a spirit of encouragement and confidence. This was shown notably in the annual report read by Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. The report mentioned as causes of rejoicing: the defeat of several measures in Congress aimed at Civil Service Reform; the restoration to the classified service of about sixteen hundred positions in the War Department taken out from under the classified service in 1899; the developing of the merit system in the Philippines; the restoration of harmony between the League and the Civil Service Commission; and, finally and with most emphasis, the official conduct of President Roosevelt as proving his hearty sympathy. A sub-report on the civil service in the island dependencies declared that the President's insular appointments have been in complete harmony with his recognized position and the declaration of the message. It may be noted that press reports from Washington last week say that several Congressmen who have heretofore been opposed to Civil Service Reform are now inclined to accept it, not merely because they wish to be in line with the Administration, but because the old system of Congressional patronage has, to some Congressmen at least, become a positive burden and cause of trouble. One of the principal addresses at the League meeting in Boston was by the newly appointed Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. William Dudley Foulke. It was a strong presentation of underlying principles; and at the same time it treated concretely and in detail the important measures now needed to carry out these principles. Mr. Foulke spoke with great plainness about needed amendments to the rules and about dangerous possible Congressional action. In particular, he said that, if Congress shall enact a law transferring to the classified service the political and personal favorites who are about to lose their situations in the Census Bureau, the Civil Service Commission might as well

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go out of business for a year or two. Public sentiment was earnestly invoked against such legislation. The Veterans' Preference Bill was also opposed by Mr. Foulke as a serious danger to the efficiency of the Government, because it would be likely to place elderly and untrained men in places which they could not expect to hold for any considerable time after they had gained the necessary experience; and he called upon the Grand Army of the Republic, and patriotic veterans generally, to add another title to the gratitude of their countrymen by refusing to aid this attempt. About sixty delegates were present at the meeting; some twenty-five branches and affiliated associations were represented. Among the speakers were President Eliot, the Hon. Carl Schurz, Dr. D. C. Gilman, and the Hon. Everett P. Wheeler.

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The Pennsylvania's Tunnel Last week the Pennsylvania-New York Extension Company filed articles of incorporation at the County Clerk's office, New York City, together with maps and plans for a four-mile tunnel to connect the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railways. For some years the latter road has been owned by the former. The plans show that the railway tunnels under the two rivers are to be used entirely for passenger travel. The trains are to be run by electricity. There will be two tunnels under the Hudson River. Each tunnel will have a single track, and the trains will run east through one tunnel and west through the other. These tunnels are really two bridges. Each bridge will have piers at distances of a hundred and fifty feet running down to bed-rock, and the piers will extend down a hundred feet to the rock. The reason for this construction is found in the character of the river bed. For some feet below water the bed is of soft silt. Then come sand and clay formations. Finally comes rock. To bore through the clay at a depth of thirty-five feet below water would not be difficult, but tunnels resting on such foundations would not be secure for railway travel. The plan for the tunnels was devised by Mr. C. M. Jacobs, consulting engineer of the Long Island Railroad. Mr. Jacobs's discoveries and inventions indicate that such a tunnel would cost less than the suspension-cantilever bridge at first proposed, hence the Pennsylvania's preference. The construction will be carried on by a system of air-locks and air-pumps. By this means the working chambers in each section can be supplied with air under such a pressure as to counterbalance the weight from above. Each working chamber is to be in the form of a section of the tunnel, but larger in diameter. It will be pushed forward as fast as the sand and clay in front can be removed and the steel sections set and riveted. The Hudson River tunnel will enter New York City under Thirty-first and Thirty-second Streets, and will continue under those streets to the central station. East of the station there will be three tunnels running under Thirty-first Street, Thirty-second Street, and Thirty-third Street, connecting by means of elevators with the city's rapid-transit system at Fourth Avenue. All the tunnels will be bored without disturbing the surface of the streets. They will not interfere with the rapid-transit subway or with the city's water-pipes. They will enter the East River at a depth of thirty-five feet below its solid rock bottom. In the Borough of Queens the tunnel will reach the surface at Thompson Avenue and Purves Street.

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The Pennsylvania's Station The plan further includes the establishment in the heart of New York City of a large station. The station proper will be underground, but the building will rise to a height of many stories above ground, as it will include a great terminus hotel. Passengers on foot will be accommodated by capacious elevators; those in carriages will enter an inclined driveway at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street and reach the railway level at Eighth Avenue, returning uphill again to emerge at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-first Street. The two-block structure extending over the roadway in Thirty-second Street will constitute the main building; other buildings will occupy the blocks bounded by Thirty-first and Thirty-second Streets, Eighth and Ninth, Ninth and Tenth Avenues. In contrast with the methods of certain transportation companies which

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seek to gain something for nothing, the straightforward methods of the Pennsylvania Company are gratifying. It does not call upon the taxpayers to provide the means for its entrance into New York City. It proposes to pay all the expense, whether fifty million dollars or more, relying of course upon favorable action by the city authorities for a franchise in view of indubitable gains to the citizens in traffic facilities. For, while the whole plan illustrates anew the farsightedness and energy which have always characterized the management of this great corporation, it will prove of vast benefit to the people at large. First, it will sensibly reduce the time and trouble now involved in getting out of the metropolis by crossing ferries. Secondly, New York City and Long Island folk will be able to travel directly South and West without the discomfort incident to ferry connection. Thirdly, the plan will add enormously to land values in many miles of country east and west of the city (all Long Island and North Jersey may now justly be regarded as its suburbs), and also in the neighborhood of the new station, where, since the announcement of the scheme a few days ago, selling prices have been trebled owing to the expected extension of the trade and hotel center. Fourthly, we shall see an end of the infamous "Tenderloin District." Thus the plan appeals to every commuter, long-distance traveler, capitalist, and citizen. Economy, comfort, enrichment, and moral growth are assured. Finally, so far from making New York City a way station, the plan is the most impressive tribute yet offered to the metropolis as the focal point of America.

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The Southern Securities Company

The apparently irresistible trend towards combination in every department of life is just now specially noteworthy in the railway world. As has been seen in the career of the Northern Securities Company, however, the particular kind of combination which involves the formation of a proprietary company is meeting with difficulties. Two difficulties may be avoided by the Southern Securities Company, which filed its charter last week under the laws of New Jersey. The charter might even be called a tribute to the action of Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, in compelling an observance of the laws of his State, and to that of President Roosevelt in his recent message recommending that publicity of accounts be required of all corporations. The new charter has two clauses which do not appear in the charter of the Northern Company. The first recites that "this company may conduct business in any of the States and in any and all foreign countries and hold and convey real and personal property, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorize the corporation to transact any business in any State, territory, or foreign country contrary to the provisions of the laws of such State, territory, or foreign country." Secondly, any stockholder of record who shall have owned not less than one hundred shares of stock in his own name for at least three months previous shall have the right to inspect the corporation's books and records. It may be accounted a triumph by the friends of free competition and of publicity that the new corporation has thus in some degree bowed to their opinion. In other powers and privileges the charter of the Southern Securities Company is substantially the same as that of the Northern Securities Company. The real promoters behind the charter are not disclosed on its face, as the names of the corporators are presumably dummies. The object of the new company is believed to be the combination of local transportation and terminal companies wherever possible and ultimately the effecting of a great railway combination.

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America's Debt Abroad

The London "Times" seems to be more than half right in its recently repeated assertions that the United States has not ceased to be a debtor nation. The belief that we are now a creditor nation has been sedulously stimulated in stock-booming circles for the past four years, with nothing to support it except the fact that we have each year exported $500,000,000 worth of goods more than we imported. It has been assumed that nearly the whole of this sum has been used to buy back American securities previously held abroad. We have before had occasion

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to note that most of this $500,000,000 doubtless went to pay the interest on our securities still held abroad, the expenses of American travelers, the freights on our ocean commerce, etc., etc., so that relatively little remained to buy back more securities. We have not been dogmatic as to amounts, and cannot now be, but recent gold exports have convinced every one that the amount of American property held abroad has not been diminished nearly so much as had been supposed. In a recent issue of the New York "Times" Mr. W. N. Allen presented a statement of the amount of securities bought and sold for foreign account in the New York market since 1898, bringing out the striking fact that in every quarter except one the recorded purchases for foreign investors exceeded the recorded sales. During the first three-quarters of the present year the purchases exceeded the sales by over 1,200,000 shares. The recorded purchases and sales for foreign account, Mr. Allen believes, are fairly typical of those unrecorded. If so, America's "debt" abroad is greater than ever before. No exact estimate of this "debt" was ever possible, but ten years ago M. Georges Martin published in the Journal of the Paris Statistical Society a careful statement of the American stocks and bonds quoted exclusively on the European exchanges and an estimate of the foreign ownership of securities quoted on both European and American exchanges. He found that American bonds aggregating nearly $700,000,000 had been marketed exclusively in Europe, and that Europe's probable ownership of other securities made the total European holdings of American stocks and bonds aggregate about $2,100,000,000. He made no estimate of the American real estate owned by Europeans or Americans resident abroad, but the upshot of his calculations was that probably more than $100,000,000 worth of American products went abroad yearly to pay interest and dividends on foreign-held securities. The later investments in American manufacturing syndicates, trusts, etc., together with the larger dividends paid during recent years by American railroads, may have materially increased our yearly payments to foreign capitalists. This, of course, does not mean American loss, since it is a good thing for us to have foreign capital invested here, but a stock boom based on the delusion that we have become a creditor nation does not seem to be justified.

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Telephone Extension Through Message Rates

The English postal authorities, in establishing the new postal telephone system to compete with the old National Telephone Company, have entered into an agreement with that company to interchange services and maintain uniform rates. Through the interchange of services every subscriber to either system may be put in communication with any subscriber to the other, without being obliged to pay for both services. This part of the agreement gives, of course, universal satisfaction, but the stipulation that both systems shall charge the same rates creates the fear that the postal system will not energetically compete with the private company. The rates agreed upon are reported by the New York "Times" to have occasioned some public disappointment. The rate for "unlimited service" in London is fixed at $85 a year, and all London subscribers have been accustomed to an unlimited service. The telephone companies, however, have simply adopted the New York plan, and also the Swiss plan, of discouraging the use of the service for trivial calls, and have established message rates through which the ordinary subscriber may be served at very moderate cost. He is merely required to pay an installation charge of from $20 to $25, and then pay but two cents apiece for his local calls, and four cents for long-distance calls. These are the rates for the county of London. Outside this county they are much lower. The system thus introduced into London has been pursued with great success by the telephone company of New York City. While the "unlimited rate" here remains $240 a year, public opinion has been conciliated and an enormous extension of the telephone service has been secured by the inauguration of a message-rate system. Ten cents a message is the cost to the ordinary subscriber in the Borough of Manhattan, but even at this rate he can still use the telephone, whenever

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there is real occasion for it, for about one-third of the "unlimited" rate. Under this system the use of telephones in New York City has advanced by leaps and bounds. The number of stations in the Borough of Manhattan was 26,000 in November, 1898. Last month it reached 66,000—a greater number than there are in London and Paris together.

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Germany and the Poles

The most picturesque event in last week's sessions of the German Reichstag was a speech by Prince Radziwill, in whose veins runs the blood of the ancient kings of Poland. The Prince recited the wrongs endured by his people in Germany, and in particular the recent incidents at Wreschen, Prussia. Some Polish children had been cruelly and unjustly flogged, and when their parents protested the latter were imprisoned. During the course of his speech Prince Radziwill said:

> The Poles are moved to the elemental depths of their nature by the altogether unnecessary action of the Prussian school authorities. They could not believe that the German people intended to treat the Poles cruelly or unjustly. Nevertheless, prizes are offered to those German teachers who obtain the swiftest results in teaching Polish children the German language. Teachers earning these cash bonuses have used the scourge and have had recourse to brutalities which I believe the Imperial Government should not approve.

The speaker asked Count von Bülow, the Chancellor, whether he favored these methods, aimed at the destruction of one of the dearest possessions of the Polish people, namely, the use of the vernacular. Count von Bülow replied: "As Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Premier I will oppose all efforts to set back the course of history, and will see that the Germans in the east do not fall beneath the Polish wheels. It is the common policy of the Powers concerned to act on identical lines against those agitating for the restoration of the independence of Poland." Whatever the attitudes of the Governments of Russia and Austria may be, as the other Powers "acting on identical lines," to use Count von Bülow's phrase, the Russian journals at least are exhorting Germany to modify her attitude. They do not hesitate to add that this attitude may involve not only Germany but Germany's neighbors in disagreeable consequences. The "Novoe Vremya" declares that the most striking characteristics of modern Germans are an intolerant pride and an absence of moderation. These qualities account for the failure of the attempts to denationalize the Polish people in the annexed German provinces in the east and to Germanize Alsace-Lorraine on the west. As has already been said more than once, however, when the Russian press preaches moderation to the Prussians regarding Poland, it sounds like the pot calling the kettle black. After Prince Radziwill's speech a large number of Polish nobles organized a demonstration at a Paderewski concert in Berlin. The pianist and composer was presented with many bouquets tied with the Polish colors, red and white, while the proceeds of the concert will go to the families of those persons imprisoned as an outcome of the Wreschen school scandal.

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The Boer Concentration Camps

Last week two speeches outlined the British Government's change of policy concerning the Boer concentration camps. Mr. Brodrick, War Secretary, speaking at Glasgow, said that the time had now come when he was able to do what he had long wished. He proposed to break up the camps in the west, to reduce the numbers in all of them, and to send the overflow from the Transvaal into Natal, and from the former Orange Free State into Cape Colony. He hoped to provide permanent shelters on the coast. "But it must not be expected," he added, "that, considering Boer habits, mortality will be reduced to the normal rate of a British town." Finally, Mr. Brodrick did not defend the concentration camps as such, but simply as military necessities. He declared that the camps had proved the most difficult problem ever undertaken in the annals of war, but that they had been carried through with credit to British humanity, despite reports to the contrary. Speaking at Crewe, Lord Onslow, Parliamentary Secretary of the Colonial Office, announced that the camps had now been placed under the control of the civil authorities; that no pains or expense would be spared to place them in the healthiest possible condition,

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and that concentrados wishing to go to the coast would be freely permitted to do so. Lord Onslow added that the larger camps would be broken up into smaller ones of from two thousand to three thousand persons each, and that if the Government found matters unsatisfactory in the future, it would turn to its experience in India in dealing with the plague. This last statement discloses the difficulty of dealing with the unsanitary habits of the Boers. The two speeches have been received not only in England, but throughout the world, with satisfaction. Lord Salisbury's Government has been exposed to hostile criticism from all quarters concerning the Boer concentration camps, where for the past six months the rate of mortality has been over two hundred and fifty per year per thousand, or more than ten times the death-rate in New York City.

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Missionaries in South China Where the Boxer disturbances in China were least felt, missionary activity has naturally been most fully restored. In South China losses were very promptly made good by the action of local authorities. New churches have been built, notably at Canton and in adjacent districts, where for some time Christians have had to meet behind closed doors and where no preaching to the Chinese has been allowed. In the coast province of Fukien, to the north, the entire suspension of work consequent upon the looting of mission houses and the attack upon native Christians has been revived without the slightest opposition. Not only at Fuchau, the capital of the province, but also at Ponaseng and at Shaowu (two hundred and fifty miles up the Min River from Fuchau) there are enlarged accommodations for the native pastors, who showed courageous loyalty under trying conditions. In the Yangtse provinces of Hunan and Hupe the outlook is favorable. Dr. Griffith John, of the London Society, who is stationed at Hankau, writes that in the years before the Boxer disturbance there was far more reason for discouragement than at present. Hankau is also the seat of the new Protestant Episcopal mission bishopric. No loss of life or property has been experienced by the Episcopal missions either in the bishopric of Hankau or of that of Shanghai. The Episcopal missions in these bishoprics, notably at Hangkau, Wuchang, Wuhu, and Nanking, have erected new chapels, hospitals, and schools. It is understood that all the missionaries' claims in the region of the great river have now been settled locally.

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Missionaries in North China Turning to the northern provinces of Chili and Shansi, we find evidences not only of looting and of plunder but of massacre. In the first-named province the American Board (Congregational) stations at Peking, Tungchau, Kalgan, Linching, and Paoting were sacked and burned to the ground. "The very bricks, in many cases, were carried off, and nothing but smoking heaps of rubbish left." At Tungchau seventy native Christians and twice that number related to the Christians were killed. At Paoting three Congregational missionaries, five Presbyterian missionaries, several American children, and hundreds of native Christians were slain. In the Province of Shansi the worst losses were experienced. There the Boxers, under the lead of the infamous Viceroy Yü-Hsien, made a clean sweep. The entire provincial mission of the American Board was left utterly prostrate. Every man, woman, and child connected with it, and about half of the native Christians, were slain. At Taiku six Congregational missionaries were put to death and their mission buildings entirely destroyed. Those at Fenchau were confiscated by the Government. Other missions suffered like carnage and destruction. Yet it is in this very province that we see the most remarkable change. A new Governor has supplanted the old; and he has permitted the missionaries to return to distribute relief and to prepare for new labors. When the missionaries arrived at Taiyuen, the capital of the province, they were met, not only by official receptions from the chief mandarins and dignitaries, but, on the anniversary of the death of their thirty-five martyr brothers who had perished at Taiyuen, received a public apology and public honors. Since that time indemnity has been paid for the losses by Chinese Christians; and indemnity has been solemnly promised for mission losses. Thus the outlook has never seemed more favorable to the definite

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rooting of Christianity in China. It has suffered the loss of hundreds of missionaries—Roman Catholic and Protestant—and thousands of native Christians, and it has come forth triumphant.

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Roman Catholic Federation Last week at Cincinnati the American Federation of Roman Catholic Societies was permanently established. Five hundred delegates met in convention, representing an aggregate of about six hundred thousand members of the co-operating societies. Dr. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, New York City, delivered the address of welcome and was followed by the venerable Archbishop Elder. Speeches were also made by other prelates, those by Bishops McFaul (Trenton, N. J.) and by Bishop Messmer (Green Bay, Wis.) being specially notable. All the speakers pleaded for unity of action as well as of purpose. The critics of federation had charged that its object was really political. Bishop McFaul replied that such criticisms proceeded from a misconception of the scope and aims of federation. He had acted as adviser of the whole matter, because he feared that it "might assume the character of a religious movement instead of a union of American citizens seeking the promotion of social, fraternal, and benevolent interests." A constitution and by-laws were framed, acceptable both to the co-operating societies and to the hierarchy. The constitution provides for a working centralized power, but does not interfere with local autonomy. Two delegates from each local society constitutes the basis of representation. This ratio is carried along from parish to county, from county to State, and from State to the National Convention. Funds are provided by a per capita tax and by an initiation fee for each society. The most noteworthy provision of the constitution recites that partisan politics shall not be discussed at any meetings of the Federation or of its subordinate bodies. Nor shall any of them individually or collectively indorse any candidate for office.

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Mr. Abbey's "Holy Grail" Mr. E. A. Abbey has illustrated the story of Sir Galahad for the walls of the Boston Public Library. A half-dozen years ago five of the fifteen paintings in the series were exhibited at the American Art Association, Madison Square, New York City, where the remaining pictures are on exhibition until Christmas, when they will be taken to Boston to be placed on the walls of the reading-room, for which they are made. The Holy Grail was fabled to be the cup out of which our Lord drank at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea caught in it the blood which flowed from Christ's body on the cross. After the Crucifixion, Joseph crossed the Mediterranean to Europe carrying with him the doubly sacred relic. For it a Grail Castle was erected, where, invisible to the eye of sinful man, it would remain until a stainless knight should seek it and inquire as to its power. In Mr. Abbey's first paintings we are brought in the legend through Galahad's boyhood to the day when he reaches the castle, sees the covered Grail borne in procession, but asks no question, considering himself competent to guess. Amfortas, the Grail King, had been guilty of an unhallowed love, and in consequence lies under the punishment of agonizing but deathless old age. Only a pure knight may deliver him. In the present pictures we see Sir Galahad outside the castle beset by courtesans and then by the Knights of the Deadly Sins, who keep the Virtues (a long line of lovely girls) imprisoned. Successfully Sir Galahad resists all, opens the prison, is received by the Virgins, weds one of them, but must still pursue his Quest, until once more he finds Amfortas and, the question asked, delivers him and brings peace to the land. Yet Sir Galahad must needs wander still. Across the sea he goes to the mystical Sarras, where he becomes King, and where he finally sees the Grail. Not only is Mr. Abbey's the first continuous pictorial attempt to present the story of the Quest; his treatment of his theme is as noble and inspiring a mural decoration as this or any other country can boast.

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Transatlantic Wireless Telegraphy No triumph of scientific invention has appealed more strongly to the imagination, not even the telephone or the Röntgen rays, than does Signor Marconi's success in conveying signals from Cornwall, England, to Newfoundland.

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It is true that so far the signals consist only of the repetition of the telegraphic letter S (three dots) faintly recorded, but there seems little if any doubt of the genuineness of the message, and the marvel is as great, the future possibilities suggested as astonishing, as if the communication were longer. Confirmation and repetition of the experiment will be awaited everywhere with the deepest interest. The distance between the electrical station at Poldhu in Cornwall, whence the message was sent, and the receiving station near St. John's is about 1,700 miles. At Poldhu an extremely powerful electrical apparatus is installed; in Newfoundland a wire has been raised high in the air by a balloon-kite with stays and supports. One of the greatest practical difficulties in wireless telegraphy is the necessity of stretching vertical wires to a great height and holding them steadily there; Marconi is confident that this may be partly obviated in the future, and believes that the system and apparatus are both still in an embryonic condition. It would be bold as yet to predict the superseding of transoceanic cables, but not bolder than it would have been to predict far-distance telephoning from the first primitive telephone instruments. Signor Marconi is an Italian, is about thirty years old, and has been working on wireless telegraphy for seven years. He does not claim to have been the first to prove that electric signals could be conveyed without a wire, but it is certain that his apparatus for transmitting the signals was the first practical machinery of the kind in existence for distances of any great length. Signor Marconi is to go at once to England to take charge in person of the Poldhu station, and hopes to gain more positive evidence of the transmission of signals across the ocean.

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Christmas Fact and Prophecy

The first Christmas was both a fact and a prophecy. It was the disclosure of the redemption of men from sin, evil, ignorance, and all manner of limitation, and it predicted the consummation of the sublime movement which was set in motion in the manger at Bethlehem. In the very hour when the earth was fast bound in the grasp of a powerful and unspiritual race and the rule of force was universal, there was a sudden glory in a remote and subjugated province, and for a brief moment the music of peace and love, brought out of heaven by choiring angels, was heard in the still air of the winter's night. If a delicate flower had suddenly risen through the snow and ice of an arctic night and bloomed for an instant in perfect loveliness, the miracle could not have been more startling. In the very heart of the old order of the pagan world there was disclosed, in a brief but perfectly distinct glance, the principle and the organizing force of a divine social order among men.

The vision faded, the singing became a memory in the minds of a little company of shepherds, the heavens were once more remote and lonely with the splendor of stars, and nothing remained of that memorable flashing into view of the invisible but indissoluble union of heaven and earth save a little child asleep in its mother's arms.

As the story of that child's life unrolled it was a story of self-surrender, of neglect, of rejection, of betrayal, and of death. It could not have been more unlike the promise which the choiring angels seemed to make for it. That beautiful prelude seemed to foreshadow a radiant career, a victorious mastery of the world, a noble triumphant march at the close; instead, there followed a brief and sorrowful experience of misunderstanding and failure, with a close full of unspeakable pathos. He whose coming was announced with proclamations of peace and good will was pursued by hate and put to death by the malice of bigots, of the blind who put the church in place of religion, by priests who did not know the difference between the routine of formalism and the spontaneity of a worshiping soul. They who ought to have been the first to recognize and honor Him stood about the cross to which they had led Him. The contradiction between the promise of the first Christmas and the story of the Christ could not have been more complete and striking.

And yet at the heart of the paradox, as at the heart of all the paradoxes uttered by Christ, there lay the sublimest truth.

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The presence of the angels about the manger at Bethlehem has made the divine birth of every human child evident and beautiful. No condition is so lowly that heaven is not as near it as to the most fortunate and exalted; no mother is so obscure that she is not as much a handmaid of God as if thrones and crowns were within her reach. From the manger the glory of the divine love and fatherhood radiates to every home where a child is born, and rests on every mother who holds a child to her heart. Every woman is sacred since one woman has given birth to a son of God, and every child is sacred since one child brought angel voices to earth to celebrate his kinship with the Infinite and Eternal.

As the lowliness of the Messiah's birth has become the evidence of the equality of all conditions in the sight of God, so the sorrow, the denials, the apparent defeat of his career have opened the eyes of men to the secondary meanings of conditions and circumstances, to the supremacy of the spirit over all the accidents of the outward life, to the possibilities of happiness, of service, and of immortal victory which are concealed by the masks of sorrow, misfortune, and apparent failure. The first Christmas was the beginning of a career in which all adverse circumstances culminated in ignominious death; it was also the beginning of a career of flawless purity, of transparent unselfishness, of perfect obedience, of fathomless love and boundless service, of glorious victory. Looked at on one side it is all darkness; looked at on the other side it is radiant with light.

As men read with deepening intelligence it becomes more divinely beautiful, more divinely convincing, more authoritatively the unveiling of the mind and heart of the Infinite. In the glory which shone round about the child in the manger the divine in every human child was disclosed; in the glory which shines from the toilsome path between Bethlehem and Calvary the divinity of all human life, the latent beauty of the bitterest human experience, are disclosed. It was a race born of God to whom Christ came; it is a world made by God and for God through which He walked. The prophecy which issued out of the fact at the heart of the first Christmas is still a long way from fulfillment; but the light brightens across the world and the day dawns.

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The Philippine Tariff

The proposed action of Congress respecting the tariff to be imposed in this country on goods imported from the Philippines will be found reported in another column. Apparently before this issue reaches our readers the House will have applied the Dingley tariff to all imports from the Philippines, at least as a temporary measure, with the added provision that all tariff duties collected on Philippine imports "shall be held as a separate fund and paid into the treasury of the Philippine Islands, to be used and expended for the government and benefit of said islands." We make this prophecy without much hesitation, because it is now generally understood that the House has ceased to be a deliberative body, that whatever the Committee representing the majority in the House adopts the House will adopt, and that in this case not more than one or at the most two days will be allowed for the discussion of this measure. We recognize the fact that there is urgent need in this particular case for prompt action in order to establish some system of taxation to provide revenue for the islands; but we venture to doubt whether it adds either to the public welfare or to the dignity of the House for the latter body to confine itself to the work of drafting bills to be debated in the Senate and debar itself from the privilege of debating them. Such appears, however, to be its present inclination. Whether this is a permanent or a passing phase of representative government we are not quite sure; we hope the latter.

We repeat what we said last week: "The conscience of the Nation should demand of Congress that whatever tariff is levied on goods imported into the United States from the Philippines should be levied in the interest of the Filipinos." We very gladly recognize the fact that the clause in the proposed law which provides that all duties and taxes collected in the Philippines, less the cost of collection, and all duties and taxes collected in the United States on imports from the

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Philippines, shall be paid into the treasury of the Philippines for the benefit of the islands, officially and clearly accepts and adopts this fundamental principle, and is founded upon it. Following the similar action in the case of Porto Rico, it must be regarded as a practical affirmation by the Republican party that these new subjects of the United States are to be taxed wholly for their benefit, not at all for ours. This seems, probably, to most Americans to be a self-evident principle of social justice; but it ought not to be forgotten that only in recent years has it been accepted as the law by which all countries must be controlled in their government of colonies or dependencies. That it is adopted by the United States practically without opposition is surely a matter for gratulation.

But this principle once recognized and adopted carries certain corollaries with it. If we are to tax the Philippines wholly for their benefit, as by this act the Nation impliedly affirms, then it is the clear duty of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress to consider at the earliest possible moment what tariff system between the Philippines and the United States is best for the Philippines. The United States has agreed with Spain that Spain shall have the same access to the Philippines for her goods that America has for ours; and the United States has also agreed with other nations that she will give to them as good terms in dealing with the territory under American control as she gives to the most favored nation. These provisions must be considered in determining on what terms our goods can be imported into the Philippines, and it is to be presumed that they have been considered, and that the duties collected in the Philippines have been arranged with a view to the best interests of the Filipinos in the light of these treaties with other nations. But these treaties do not require us to collect the same duties on imports from the Philippines that we collect from other nations. In fixing these duties on imports we are free; and it can hardly be presumed that a tariff avowedly adjusted to promote American industry and to exclude competitors is the best possible tariff for the Filipinos when it is applied so as to exclude the products of their industry from our markets. Politically the Philippines are not a part of the United States; but it does not follow that Congress should not make them one with us commercially. The principle that tariff and taxes levied by the United States on imports from the Philippines should be levied for their benefit necessarily involves the further principle that, if it is a protective tariff, it should be levied to protect their industries. In other words, it is clear that the principle, All just governments exist for the benefit of the governed, necessarily involves the further principle that our tariff laws should be so adjusted as to open our markets to the industries of the Filipinos, not to exclude them from our markets. The bill imposing the Dingley tariff on Philippine imports can be justified only on the ground that an immediate exigency requires immediate action. Such action should not be treated as though it were anything more than provisional. The ethical principle recognized in this action requires that Congress should without delay, either by its own special committee, or, more wisely as we think, by referring the matter to the Philippine Commission, endeavor to determine what sort of a tariff is best calculated to promote the industrial life of the Philippines, and then proceed to enact such tariff. The Republican party believes in a tariff organized to protect "infant industries." If any of the industries in territory subject to United States control are "infant industries," surely the industries in the Philippines are so; and these are the industries which pre-eminently should be protected by any tariff between the Philippines and the United States.

An Evasion of Law

Disregard of law is by no means confined to the so-called Anarchists. It is one of the vices of democracy as manifested in American life. Some recent acts of a criminal court in New York State exhibit this disregard of law where surely it ought never to appear—on the bench.

Scientific penologists are largely, if not generally, in favor of what is known as the indeterminate sentence. That is, they believe that punishment should be corrective, not retributive, and therefore should

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be adjusted, not primarily according to the degree of criminality in the act punished, but primarily with reference to the cure of the criminal. Ideally the criminal should be simply sentenced to prison; in prison all his work, all his education, all his discipline, should be carried on with reference to reforming him; and when he gives satisfactory evidence of being reformed—that is, of possessing, first, ability to earn an honest livelihood, and, second, an enduring and to-be-trusted purpose to earn an honest livelihood, with respect to the rights of his fellow-men—he should be discharged. This principle, if it were fully carried out, would work, and, where it has been carried out, has worked, in two ways: it does not discharge a prisoner to go back and prey upon society merely because he has, as the saying is, paid the penalty for a past misdeed; and it does not keep a prisoner in confinement at the cost of the State after he has proved himself intellectually and morally fit to be discharged and to live again as a man among his fellow-men.

We believe that this principle is thoroughly sound. It is recognized as sound by many, if not most, leaders in penological science; not merely by the theorists, but also by the men of practical experience in dealing with criminals. But, whether sound or not, it has been adopted by the New York Legislature, with a qualification. The object of this qualification is to combine the reformatory with the retributive idea; to allow the judge to fix certain minimum and maximum limits to the penalty, so that neither shall a great crime receive an insignificant penalty nor an insignificant crime receive a too great penalty, while between these two limits there shall be lodged in a tribunal at the prison power to retain or discharge the prisoner according to the character acquired by him under its restraint and discipline. As our charge against the Court of General Sessions in this city is a serious one, we quote the statute in full, that our readers may judge for themselves what was the intent of the Legislature in enacting it:

> A person never before convicted of a crime punishable by imprisonment in a State prison, who is convicted in any court in this State of a felony, the maximum penalty for which, exclusive of fines, is imprisonment for five years or less, and sentence to a State prison, shall be sentenced thereto under an indeterminate sentence, the maximum of which shall not be less than one year, or in case a minimum is fixed by law, not less than such minimum, and the maximum of which shall not be more than the longest period fixed by law for which the crime is punishable of which the offender is convicted.

"*Shall* be sentenced under an indeterminate sentence:" the meaning of that law seems to us perfectly clear; and it also seems to us perfectly clear that the following sentences, taken from the records of the Court of General Sessions, are, not an attempt to execute the will of the Legislature, but a skillful and successful evasion of that will. The first column shows the minimum, the second column the maximum, of each sentence: thus, John Caney was sentenced to be imprisoned for not less than one year nor more than one year, Henry Miller for not less than four years and nine months nor more than five years. It is clear that these sentences are in no true sense "indeterminate" sentences. Their duration is very definitely determined by the judge.

FROM RECENT SENTENCES IN THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS

	Not less.	Not more.
John Doe, alias John Caney	1 yr.	1 yr.
Henry Miller	4 yrs. 9 mos.	5 yrs.
William Bradley	1 yr.	1 yr. 6 mos.
Michael Carroll	1 yr.	2 yrs.
William Cook	1 yr.	2 yrs.
John Callahan	1 yr.	2 yrs.
John Clark	1 yr.	1½ yrs.
George Fisher	2 yrs. 3 mos.	2 yrs. 4 mos
Peter Gray	1 yr.	2 yrs.

It may be claimed by the judge or judges who gave these sentences that the law is impracticable or even pernicious. But that is not a question for the judiciary to decide. Their duty is to interpret and enforce the law, not to determine whether it is politic or impolitic, righteous or unrighteous. The Legislature has given the judges a discretion, and certain of the judges have used that discretion to nullify the act of the Legislature. The remedy is one which the Legislature can easily apply: it can take away the liberty which it has conferred. It can enact that all criminals condemned for felony the maximum penalty for which is five years or less, which would except all the more serious felonies, shall be sentenced for an indeterminate term, not less than the minimum prescribed by statute nor more than the maximum pre-

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scribed by statute, and that the length of the sentence between this minimum and this maximum shall be determined at the prison by a tribunal there, and shall be determined in accordance with the progress and character of the prisoner and his practical response to the reformatory influence of the prison discipline. We should like to see the Legislature apply this remedy.

But it is certainly a matter for regret that a court whose function it is to interpret and enforce law should ever use its judicial power to evade law and set it aside.

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A National University

Last week was made memorable in the history of education in this country by two princely gifts. Mrs. Stanford, by the generosity of whose husband the Leland Stanford University was founded, conveyed to that institution property amounting in the aggregate to not less than thirty millions of dollars. That portion of this immense estate which is represented by land is likely to greatly increase in value with the later development of California; and the entire estate is said to exceed the valuation which has been put upon it. This is the largest single gift ever made to education, either by an individual or by a State; and it is believed that Leland Stanford has now the largest endowment which any educational institution in the world has ever received—an endowment so large as to equip it for the most thorough educational work in all departments in which it chooses to enter, and giving it the opportunity, therefore, of becoming a great center, not only of thorough training, but of the higher civilization on the Pacific coast.

It is definitely known that Mr. Carnegie has offered ten millions of dollars to endow a National University in the city of Washington, but no official statement has yet been made to Congress or to the public, and the precise scope and intention of the gift are so far largely a matter of surmise. There is very little doubt, however, with regard to the character of the institution which Mr. Carnegie proposes to equip for exceptional service. From the earliest history of the Government the idea of a National University of Washington has been in the air, has from time to time invaded the imagination of people in different parts of the country, and has inspired more than one organized effort to give it substantial basis. Most of the plans which have been made looking to this end have contemplated the establishment of a National University planned largely upon the lines of the State universities; the creation, in other words, of a new institution not differing in kind or purpose from any other university already in existence throughout the country, but simply enlarged in scope. Several years ago, when the agitation for the creation of an institution of this kind, which would involve chiefly the duplication of educational instrumentalities already at work and needing in almost every case additional endowments, was pressed with unusual vigor, a number of educators, after mature consideration, proposed the establishment of an educational institution at Washington which should have a private foundation, independent of Governmental support or control. This institution, it was proposed, should facilitate the use of the resources of the Government for research and cooperation with universities, colleges, and individuals in securing for the proper persons opportunities for advanced study, the control and management of this institution to be vested in a board of fifteen trustees, with an advisory board composed of heads of executive departments and bureaus.

For the furtherance of this plan a Board of Trustees was nominated, including Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Acting President of Columbia; Dr. Gilman, then President of the Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Hadley, of Yale, Dr. Harper, of Chicago University, Dr. Alderman, of Tulane University, Dr. Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, Dr. Northrop, of the University of Minnesota; Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor; the Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and various others. Dr. Gilman was elected Director of the institution; Mr. Wolcott, Director of the United States Geological Survey, President, and Nicholas Murray Butler, Secretary of the Board of Trustees; while the advisory Board was made up of the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the

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Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the Commissioner of Education, the Librarian of Congress, the Commissioner of Labor, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the Presidents of the Civil Service Commission, National Academy of Sciences, National Educational Association, Association of American Universities, and Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, and Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

This plan was devised for the purpose of realizing the ambition to create at Washington a great educational institution, worthy of the National capital, which should not duplicate existing institutions; which should be free from political control; which should utilize the immense resources of the Government for educational purposes, and which, instead of competing with existing colleges and universities, should co-operate with and supplement their work. It is along the lines thus roughly outlined that the new institution which Mr. Carnegie proposes to endow will unquestionably be established. It will aim at research, and it will co-ordinate for educational purposes the immense resources of the various departments of the public service in Washington. Those who have studied the matter have long realized the need of such an institution. The material for research in various directions in the National capital is practically unlimited. The Department of Agriculture, for instance, spends about four millions of dollars per year in strictly scientific work; the Interior Department spends more than one million, and the Treasury Department as much more along the same lines. The Navy Department, War Department, Fish Commission, the Botanic Gardens, Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress spend eight million dollars in the aggregate. The Government, in order to carry on its scientific work, the extent and importance of which are simply suggested by these expenditures, is compelled to train the great majority of its own specialists. The Smithsonian Institution has made it possible for students to carry on advanced work within its own walls. There is a kind of training-school under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, a group of men receiving nominal pay being permitted to use the laboratories for their own investigations; in the Geological Department a group of field assistants enjoy the same privileges; and there is another group of students in the Department of Agriculture to whom are extended the same facilities. The Librarian of the Congressional Library has shown great zeal and energy in putting the resources of that institution at the service of working men of letters and students in all departments. It will be seen, therefore, that a beginning has been made towards the utilization of what the Government has to offer in the way of opportunity and material for advanced work; but it is only a beginning. The institution which Mr. Carnegie proposes to endow will organize those facilities, co-ordinate this material, and furnish the machinery by which all the resources of the Government, in its various departments, can be utilized along well-defined lines and in an orderly and systematic fashion.

The value of such an institution need not be pointed out. It would be a very great service to the Government, which is now obliged to do this work on a very small scale and in an incidental way; the new institution would train in an orderly fashion a body of men who would be of immense service in carrying on the public work along scientific lines. It would also strengthen American education where it needs to be strengthened, at the top. It would make the National capital a center for advanced work, for original research, offering facilities which would enable promising students to carry on their work long enough to make themselves masters of the material and of their tools. In this way it would aid all the educational interests of the country. Nothing is more sorely needed for this purpose than the endowment of research; and Mr. Carnegie, whose magnificent gift of an equivalent sum to the University of Scotland last summer, largely in aid of students, will be remembered, will, by this latest act of generosity, stimulate the entire educational life of the country, add a new and commanding element of influence at the National capital, and give to the city of Washington an importance, a dignity, and an atmosphere which can be developed and diffused in a great city only by a great university.

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WELCOME, LORD SIR CHRISTËMASSE! A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BY THE VERY REV CHARLES W. STUBBS, D.D., DEAN OF ELY

(i)

Welcome, Lord Sir Christëmasse,
Welcome all both more and less.
Welcome, welcome, merriness!
Gloria tibi Domine!

(ii)

Jesu born of Mary mayde,
In an oxen stall is laid,
Sing we Nowell! all abrayde,[1]
Gloria tibi Domine!

(iii)

Shepherds heard their flocks among,
Music of the heavenly throng,
Angel carol, angel song,
Gloria tibi Domine!

(iv)

Forth they went to Bethlem town,
Found the Child and knelt them down,
Homage to their King did own,
Gloria tibi Domine!

(v)

Magian pilgrims from afar,
Gaspar, Melchior, Baltazar,
Read the riddle of His star,
Gloria tibi Domine!

[1] Old English=lustily.

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(vi)

Brought Him gifts of spice and gold,
Mystic signs of Orient old,
Saba's gifts by Psalmist told,
Gloria tibi Domine!

(vii)

Nowell! Nowell! all men call,
Jesu save our souls from thrall,
Merry make, we pray you all!
Gloria tibi Domine!

Deanery, Ely, England.

MUSIC BY T. TERTIUS NOBLE, ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER OF YORK MINSTER

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Creating a Vacuum: A Christmas Story

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

"HURT, my dear sir? Not a bit of it. Not a bit, your Reverence. Did me good. Haven't been rolled in the snow since I was a baby. But kindly tell me how it happened. All I know is that I sat me down upon me throne and—up went my heels and down went my head, and if ever a Bishop was thrown neck and crop out of the church, I am that Bishop."

"It was all my fault, sir. I can't forgive myself! The ladies in charge assure me they set your chair carefully in a perfectly safe place. I absent-mindedly moved it. The back legs must have been over the edge of the platform. Some tar paper and Christmas greens were nailed over the opening in the chancel wall, and when you fell against them—"

The Bishop's huge frame shook from head to foot.

"Paper! Do you suppose any paper, tarred or untarred, could wall me in in mid-career? No, sir. Nothing short of a foot of stone. That chancel must be finished with solid walls around it before the next Apostolic visitation! By the way, sir, when next a Bishop falls out of your church, let him crawl back quietly and unescorted the way he goes out. If you hadn't seen fit to dash through the aperture hewn by my slender person, we would have been spared that second processional up the church aisle! While I live I'll never forget it. Never! I don't know how I kept my decorum. And not a man, woman, or even a little child in the church had so much as a smile to hide! That was the only serious thing in the affair, Chapin. There was I, nearer disgracing my lawn than I ever want to be again, and that whole parish of people solemn as I ought to have been. Dear! dear!" And the genial Bishop again shook in his chair.

Though he tried to smile also, the Rev. Mr. Chapin was palpably taking it hard, as he took most things in life, and so the Bishop, considerately wiping his eyes, save for an occasional rebellious twitching of his lips, composed his features to a becoming gravity.

"There was something else I ought to have warned you about," said the anxious young rector. "These eggs. I am so used to them myself now I forgot—"

But the Bishop waved his genial hand.

"Tut, tut, tut! That was all right. I was a little at sea when a market-basket was passed instead of an alms-basin, and eggs came out of pockets in place of money, but I never made any oblation with more satisfaction than when I lifted that market-basket of eggs. A poultry-raising district, I suppose, and your best market some hundred miles off. You sell the eggs for them? Yes, I see. A very good practical plan. But, you know, with most congregations you couldn't possibly do it. *Some*body would laugh out in meeting. Don't forget that if you ever change your parish. I saw that you contributed eggs also. Very tactful of you, very."

"I thought it wiser, sir. I didn't quite know how to handle the eggs at first. To tell the truth, twice in the chancel I forgot they were in my pocket and sat down on them."

In spite of himself the Bishop broke into another large laugh.

"Ah, these country parishes," he said, "they search me soul! How's your vestry? Got all the virtues but resignation? Entirely satisfactory, eh? Dear me, you don't say so! That's unusual. Well, then, what *is* the trouble?"

Mr. Chapin turned his youthful and burdened face towards his Bishop.

"I supposed some one of the vestry had written you all about it," he said. "It can't be—you don't mean that wonderful sermon to-day, preached right at the heart of the trouble, was a mere coincidence!"

The Bishop shook his head.

"Yes and no," he said. "You may be a Bishop yourself some day, so I'll drop you this bit of Elijah's mantle in advance. Whenever you visit a country parish, well shut in as this one is, poor roads, no shops, no theater, no diversions of any kind, you are perfectly safe to conclude that there *is* trouble of some kind, and

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fairly safe to preach a strong, searching sermon on Peace and Good-will—whether it's Christmas or midsummer. Poor souls, they have to do something. To be frank, I think myself that's rather a good sermon."

"It may be my fault," sighed the rector. "I have done everything I can think of to heal the breach, but half the parish won't speak to the other half, and we can't have any sociables to raise money—"

"Your fault?" interrupted the Bishop. "Tut, tut, no such thing. Mere question of geographical conformation, I tell you. Parish lined up on two sides, isn't it? Yes, that's the usual way. Starts with a pretty little quarrel between two familes or two people generally, and then it's, so to say, under which king—speak or die! And the poor rector who can't speak and can't die leads a life of it. Where did your line of cleavage start?"

"There she comes now!" exclaimed the rector, rising from his chair.

The Bishop's gaze followed his host to the window.

"Yes," he said, easily. "One, and sometimes both, of the parties to the combat are apt to come drifting in after that Peace and Good-will sermon." He rose and looked out of the window over the rector's shoulder. "Do all your ladies," he asked, mildly, "ride about the country in sulkies, and wear their crêpe veils at right angles to their persons?"

"She's driving quite rapidly and the wind is rather strong," apologized the rector. "She is a very modest, quiet woman, and that sulky was her father's. She is attached to it."

"Oh," said the Bishop, sympathetically, "a nice, plain-looking lady. She doesn't appear in the least like a war goddess."

"It's her family," asserted the rector. "She was engaged to be married to a young man here named Toby, and suddenly it was all off. That's all anybody knows about it. But all his family and friends spend all their time blaming her and her family and friends, and *vice versa*. They have been quarreling over it for a good twenty years."

"Almost before he was born," murmured the Bishop, looking after Mr. Chapin as he retired to open the door for his guest. When the rector returned to the room, the Bishop was standing by the window, and beckoned him to his side.

"Is that the other party to the quarrel?" he asked, "that thick-set man stalking up your path?"

Mr. Chapin looked.

"It is," he said, in subdued excitement. "It is. I excused myself for a moment to tell you that Miss Walker has come to ask me with tears what she can do to heal these unhappy quarrels of which she is the cause. She says your sermon searched her out and found her; and now, if Mr. Toby is coming to do his part—Bishop, if we could reconcile them this Christmas day, and get them married!"

"Well, now, we'll try," said the Bishop, heartily. "You can labor with the lady in your study, and I'll take the gentleman in this room. Only let me warn you—"

But Mr. Chapin had already gone.

The afternoon had waned and the dusk was falling before the Bishop and his clergyman met again, and then their meeting was in the shape of a violent collision in the narrow, dark hall of the rectory.

"Bless my soul!" said the Bishop, disengaging himself. "This, surely, is not my day! I hope you had no eggs in your pocket, Mr. Chapin? I was just looking for you."

"And I for you, sir," said the rector, in an awe-shrunk voice. "Will you come into the dining-room, Bishop? This turns out a very serious matter. Miss Walker has told me everything. It seems—" Mr. Chapin shut the door carefully, and cleared his throat. "It seems," he repeated, "that she—well, she killed her father! By accident, of course, but she killed him."

"What!" said the Bishop, sitting down heavily and suddenly in one of the dining-room chairs. Mr. Chapin turned to light a lamp, and set it on the table near them before he spoke further. His youthful face was quite white and horror-stricken in the lamplight, but the Bishop, though manifestly thrilled and startled, held his color.

"You don't mean—" he said.

"Yes, I am afraid there is no room to doubt. He was ill, and she gave him the wrong medicine by mistake. There were two bottles just alike—one deadly poison for external use. She gave him the poison, and never found it out until after his

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death. Then she was afraid to confess it. It was too late to do any good if she had. It was after her father's death that Mr. Toby wrote to her breaking their engagement—no reason given. She has always supposed that he knew what had happened, and so would not marry her. He was clerking then in the drug-store in the nearest town, and knew just what medicines she had."

"Do you mean—" said the Bishop, again. "Do you mean to tell me that, in spite of *both* of them, the old man actually died a natural death? Why, my dear sir, that lover of hers has just confessed to me that *he* killed Miss Walker's father, and so, of course, he couldn't marry her. He was new at the drug business, and he mixed the labels on the bottles for Mr. Walker. By the time he discovered his mistake and drove out post-haste after the messenger, the old man had taken his medicine and was dead. He resigned his position at once, gave up the young lady, but never told any one what he had done. To-day it seems his conscience waked— Where are you going, Mr. Chapin?"

Mr. Chapin turned, beaming brilliantly, from the doorway.

"To tell them both! Think of it! All these years wasted, and all this trouble in the parish about nothing, *nothing!* We can finish the chancel in six months now. Eggs will simply flow in. We can have sociables and— What a Christmastide for us! What a Christmas! Peace and good will—"

"Come back here," said the Bishop, sternly. "They've stood it for some twenty years; they can wait five more minutes. I don't want you to be disappointed. Remember the geographical conformation of your parish. Remember not a soul laughed at me when I fell out of church to-day. Remember you can pass egg-baskets for alms-basins and your ladies can drive in sulkies and let their veils stream out a straight three feet behind, and nobody ever smiles. Remember when we heal up this quarrel we are creating a vacuum—a vacuum; and remember the seven devils and the cleansed house. Understand that when I come back next year I shall be neither surprised nor disappointed if I find the state of this parish—"

"Yes, yes," said the young clergyman, his impatient eye on the door. "I understand perfectly, sir; I understand."

But even as he released him the Bishop knew very well that he understood only half of what was said, and did not believe that half. They never did.

"Well, he'll get *one* happy Christmas out of it," said the Bishop to himself.

The First Dream of Christmas

By Jean Christie Root

IT was dreamed many and many a year ago.

So many years ago that nobody in all the world had then ever heard the word Christmas.

Nobody had ever said to any one, "I wish you a merry Christmas;" nor had any boy or girl then ever dreamed of the gifts and joys they hoped the coming Christmas day would bring to them.

But, in a land far away from ours, in that far-away time, there lived a little boy who, although a little, unknown, and unregarded child, was to bring many wonderful changes into the world by his living in it.

He was a strange little boy even for those strange times, when little children were so different in all their surroundings, if not in their ways of thinking and of doing things, from the little boys and girls of these later times.

He was a very quiet little fellow, and used oftentimes to sit long in silence, looking out of his eyes with a strange, far-away look, as if he were thinking of things almost too heavy for little boys to think of, or seeing things that even older people could not see, gazed they ever so earnestly.

Sometimes a wonderful smile would light up his gentle face as he gazed, and a sweetness as from the depths of a thousand mothers' hearts would shine in his eyes. Sometimes tears would roll down his face as he sat with that far-away look in his eyes, and then his mother, who

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loved him very dearly—more dearly than she loved all the world beside—would draw near to him, and, touching him gently, recall him to the scenes about him, and say to him, "Nay, my son, is not all the world in the care of thy heavenly Father? Doth not his heart beat as tenderly as thine? Be patient, and grow to thy manhood day by day, and, in the fullness of the time, He will help thee to serve those whom thou lovest so much and longest so much to bless."

Then the boy would clasp the hand of his mother in his own and answer, "Yes, my mother, but I see so many sorrowful things thou canst not see, and my heart must ache, even if I am but a little boy, until I find the power to help those I love so much."

Thus the days and the weeks and the months went by, and the little boy more and more often saw the visions that made him sad and brought the strange, loving, yearning, sorrowful look into his innocent, beautiful eyes.

Many of the people among whom he lived were very poor, and they had many dreadful diseases and many severe sorrows. They had no hospitals for the sick; no orphan asylums for the little homeless children; no charities such as we to-day have for the poor; no thought, save in a few saintly souls, that anywhere there was a God who loved and pitied the poor and the sinful. There was nothing in all the world, that we to-day have, to make life easier for the unfortunate while they live, and very little to help them to believe that they should live again after they died, in a world of peace and blessedness where every sorrow and every lack should be forever forgotten.

And so, if, even to-day, people who care for others and want to help them in their sin and sorrow must often feel sad and discouraged when they learn how hard a thing it is to supply the help they long to give, one can easily see that in that old, far-away time those who loved their fellows must often have been very heavy-hearted when they asked themselves, What can we do, and how can we serve those souls who need our help so much? And so this little boy with the tender, loving eyes and the strangely sympathetic heart used often to find life in this world very hard to bear.

Somehow, wherever he went, all who were in any trouble used to seem to find their way into his presence, and to pass before his eyes. Even the animals seemed to know that he loved and pitied them. Many a badly beaten dog or wounded bird crept to his feet as seeking shelter and rest and help.

No matter how brightly the sun shone, nor how sweetly the birds sang, nor how much like a boy he felt in the morning, long before nightfall he would run wearily to his mother and beg her to lay her cooling fingers on his throbbing head, and to sing him one of the old songs of their people.

"Mother," he would say to her, "I cannot understand how men and women can be so cruel to each other, and hurt each other so much. Even the little boys and girls are cruel; they torture the birds and stone the timid hares; the slaves are hurt so sorely, and the poor are so oppressed, and all the world is in trouble, and nobody cares for the sinful or sorrowful, or tries to help them."

Then his mother would pass her gentle hand back and forth upon his temples, and would answer, "Yes, my son, and so it has always been; but the day is hastening on when the Messiah will come, and he will lift the world up nearer to God; and men will learn then to be loving and gentle, and the heart of the world we love will be changed so that it will never be so sorrowful again."

And the boy would listen and smile with longing, tender smiles, that were not only smiles, but earnest askings for the speeding onward of the footsteps of the coming Helper of the People. And once, when the restful shadows of the night had fallen upon the solemn Judean hills, and the little boy had long lain talking with his mother about the things that perplexed him so much, and about all that he longed to do when he should become a man, she said to him, as she knelt to give him his good-night kiss, "It is twelve years to-night, my son, since God sent thee to me and to the world. Thou wilt soon be a man, and then there will be much for thee to do to help and to bless the world thou lovest so much, even if thou hast only thy hands and thy soul to bless it with. Hasten not, my son, but wait and see what the years will bring to thee for thy

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manhood's doing, when thou comest into the fullness of thy heavenly Father's strength and blessing."

Then the boy smiled with a look his mother never forgot in all that the years brought to her in their coming and their going, and lay upon his little cot looking up at the low-bending stars that always seemed to hold him in their watchful keeping.

And soon he slept, lying there in peaceful quietness, with the same tender, loving smile upon his face. And as he slept he dreamed. And in his dream he was not in his own little room, nor in any room that he had ever seen; nor did he feel that he was in any one place in all the world, nor even if he was in his body at all; nor, if he *was* in the world, seemed it the same world he had known in the years he had been living on the earth.

It was a very different world that he saw in his dream.

It was a world full of beauty and full of love, and as he dreamed it all seemed to pass before him in full review, as when he had been taken up to the city of Jerusalem he had seen the processions pass up and down the streets.

Only, in his dream, countries and cities and seas and rivers and mountains and deserts that he had never seen with his mortal eyes all appeared to pass slowly before him, or rather it was as if he were passing over them, far above them, and yet so near that all that was happening in them lay unrolled before him as in a beautiful vision.

It seemed, also, as if wherever he gazed he could hear all that the people said, and know all that they thought, and feel all that they felt. And wherever he went he heard strains of the sweetest music and sounds as of myriads of bells pealing; and as in his dream the voices of the bells began to chime out on the midnight silence, he saw that little children all the world over would clap their hands and call to each other to listen to the Christmas chimes, chiming because Jesus Christ had once been born a little babe in Bethlehem.

He saw, also, large temples, shining with light, and fragrant with flowers, and adorned with fadeless green, and crowded with happy people listening to words about this same Jesus, and joining in glad thanksgivings to him.

He saw homes such as he had never heard of before, where the old and the sick and the poor and the little children who had no homes could be gathered in and cared for. And in them, also, he heard the same glad words and saw the same happy smiles, and knew that there, also, they blessed the memory of the little child once born in Bethlehem.

Rooms he saw where little babes who had just come to their parents' arms were welcomed with smiles and glad thanksgivings and with the rejoicings of their parents because they had entered this world upon the happiest of all its natal days; and as they smiled for joy the dreaming boy heard them ask the blessing of the dear Christ-child on their beloved, that they, too, might bless the world in which they had come to live.

He saw other rooms, also, in which, in place of smiles on happy faces, there were bowed heads and flowing tears and hands clasped in pain, because the little children who had been the light and blessing of those homes had been led away from the tender detaining hands of earthly friends up to the arms of their heavenly Father. But even in these homes the sympathizing dreamer heard those parents as they wept, kneeling by the precious little bodies they still loved so dearly, rejoicing that because Jesus Christ had once been born a babe in Bethlehem no little tender child need fear to go alone to heaven, nor could those who loved it most unselfishly mourn with grief untinged with gladness when its soul went home to the dear Christ who loved it as no father or mother on earth can love.

As the vision grew, lonely rooms passed before the dreamer, where people bowed under great burdens of sorrow, or wrestled with strong temptations; and, behold, the people bowed in sorrow or wrestling with temptations—toward whom his heart yearned with longing as he looked lovingly upon them—they also, when they heard the glad chiming of the Christmas bells, thanked God that One had once been born in Bethlehem who had known the power of temptation and felt the pangs of sorrow and aloneness.

He saw, in sadder rooms than these even, in rooms where men were shut away from the free air of heaven and from their fellows, men and women who had

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brought misery upon themselves and all who loved them. He saw them with no power to undo the past or to lift themselves up in the present, bending beneath intolerable despair, until they, too, heard that One had been born in Bethlehem who cared most deeply for those who had sinned most deeply and therefore had the sorest need of helping.

He gazed, in his dream, with unspeakable longing upon those lonely, wretched souls, and it seemed almost as if his tender, longing eyes drew them Godward; for as he gazed, he saw even those men and women that other men and women called too vile for earth, lifted up out of their despair and sin, and made pure and holy and loving; they, too, finding the divine joy of unselfish loving and serving through faith in the One once born in Bethlehem.

Thus, looking on through all the years—for in his dream years and centuries passed before him, as well as places and persons—he saw often these same men, once outcasts, after years spent in happy servings for Jesus Christ's sake, die with words of rapture on their lips and songs of triumph in their souls; sometimes leaving behind them words that never died, for the helping of other sinful souls.

And wherever he went, or whatsoever he saw, whether the vision was of the happy places of the earth or of the sorrowful ones, he found only loving thoughts, only generous impulses, only grateful, joyous memories, when once the men and women in them knew the love of the One once born in Bethlehem.

And, as he gazed into the far-distant future, he saw that all men, everywhere, looked backward to the point in time when Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem.

He saw, also, that as they looked backward through the years they saw away in the dimness of time a little babe lying in a manger, owning in all the world, so far as men could see, only a pair of empty hands; he saw the babe, grown to be a boy, with a sorrowful, loving heart, empty-handed still; then a man, empty-handed still, save for the nails that pierced them, hanging naked and thorn-crowned upon a cross; then a tomb, rock-hewn and soldier-guarded, wherein he lay; then a resurrection morning, when the tomb gave forth its dead, and tears gave place to gladness; then a time when the hands—once the babe's, once the boy's, once the man's pierced ones—no longer empty, as in their mortal years, were stretched forth over the whole world, filled with blessings for all the sons of men. He saw, also, that when the men who were his followers on the earth went forth in his name to teach the truth that bore the fruit he saw developing in his dream as the years moved on, the world swung slowly into rhythm with God's loving will for men.

Then the boy smiled a smile of wondrous radiance as he dreamed; smiled as he saw the vision of the babe lying in the manger, for he knew where he himself had been born; smiled when he saw the tender-hearted, pitying boy, for he knew it was he himself; smiled still more radiantly when he saw the dying man upon the cross, for he said to himself, I will *gladly* die to win for those I love the happiness and hope and the blessings I have seen in my dream. I will never be so sad again, for I now know my Father's will, and that, even as he loves *me*, he loves the whole world, and that he will use me for the blessing of the world he loves so much and that I love so much, because I am his son.

Then, when the daybreak came, radiant, up over the eastern hills, and the birds sang in their gladness, and the flowers turned their faces sunward, the boy Jesus awoke from his slumber and went to his mother with a smile in his eyes she had never seen before, and as he kissed her again and again, he said to her, "I know now, my mother, why I was born, and I can bear all the burdens of life gladly, for I have seen in a vision a little of all that the years will bring to me, and also to thee, because thou art my mother. I have had a dream of the Christmas days that are to be, long after I have gone to my Father, and after thou, too, hast entered into thy rest."

And they talked long, in the quietness and peace of the early morning; and as they talked, something brighter than the eastern sunlight transfigured their faces, and something diviner than human joy thrilled the deep pulses of their souls; and after that dream, and that morning's high

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communings with each other, the boy and his mother went their mutual ways, to meet the coming years and all they had to bring to each of them.

And as the years the boy had seen in his dream came and passed, bringing all the things he had seen were to come to him, he went steadily on to meet them, with a love that never faltered, and a soul that never shrank from any of the ordeals that the years held for him, till, in the fullness of time, after all his work for others on the earth was finished, and his last sorrow and pang for those he loved in all the ages had been borne to the uttermost, the man, once the boy dreaming the first Christmas dream, ascended to his Father, and, as the crucified and risen Christ, entered into his eternal joy.

Footprints: A Christmas Story

By Orpha Bennett Hoblit

THE dusk of the November afternoon was closing in earlier than usual. The downpour of rain had given place to a fine mist and a fog which shut in the cabin at Edwards's Lumbering Camp with still closer walls than those of the forest. The men, however, welcomed the dark, for it marked the end of a day of enforced idleness, which to them, accustomed as they were to hours of strenuous toil in the open air, was little less than torture. The cook had already gone to prepare the supper. "Boss" Williams had taken the one remaining lamp from the shelf and retired to his room—a roughly-boarded-in corner of the cabin—leaving the men with no light save that of the fire. It had grown too dark to see the cards, and the players had left their game and their quarreling and joined the circle about the chimney-place at one end of the long, low room.

Even the fire was sulky. It smoldered and sputtered, sending out only now and then a gleam of light that played over the walls of the room, brought into view for a moment the rude staircase in the corner leading to the loft, shone on the long oil-cloth-covered table and the benches ranged about it, glistened on the pile of shining axes, gleamed in the tiny cracked mirror in its place above the lamp-shelf, and flickered over the faces of the group of men who, seated on benches, boxes, and empty kegs, formed a wide semicircle about the fire.

Physically they were superb specimens of humanity, broad of chest, long of arm, healthy, lean, and muscular; rough-looking, perhaps, in their dark flannel shirts, coarse trousers, and heavy boots; but rough and wild they were, as their blasphemous talk and the lines of dissipation in their bronzed faces plainly showed. Rough and ignorant, but, for all that, true men in their arduous work in the depths of these Michigan forests; brutes and savages only in the towns, when, their season's work finished and their accumulated wages in their hands, they gave themselves up to wickedness and riot.

Just now they were quiet enough. The sputtering of the fire and the snoring of a sleeper in the loft above were the only sounds that broke the silence as they sat smoking, waiting for their supper.

"Who's that?" suddenly asked Blacksmith Jim, taking his pipe from his mouth and turning an attentive face toward the door. The others had heard it also—the splashing of horses' hoofs in the rain-soaked earth outside. They stopped before the cabin door. There was the sound of voices, then of trampling hoofs receding. Long Hi rose and threw open the door just as the "Boss" came out of his room with the lamp and the light fell strongly on the figure of a young man standing on the step, his hand raised to knock. He was tall and straight, strongly if rather slightly built; that much one could see in spite of the heavy ulster which enveloped him. The head, from which he lifted a dripping felt hat, was crowned with a shining mass of yellow curls. The uplifted face was firm and strong, if somewhat boyish, and lighted by a pair of clear, frank blue eyes.

"Good-evening," said the stranger, smiling undismayed into the forbidding

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face of Long Hi. "Is this Edwards' camp?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Williams in? May I speak with him?"

"*Mr.* Williams—that's him over there. *I* hain't got no objections to your speakin' to him," and Long Hi returned to his seat and his pipe in apparent indifference.

The newcomer lifted a valise from the step and entered the room. "Good-evening, sir," he said, stepping up to the "Boss." "My name is Marshall. I have a letter here from Mr. Edwards which will explain my business."

The "Boss" took the letter, turned it over rather helplessly, then handed it back. "I ain't got no time to fool with your letters," he said, with an oath. "If you've got any business here, tell it yourself or go back where you came from."

An appreciative wink went round the circle. The young man flushed a little, but stood his ground.

"It amounts to this," he said. "I'm a student at A——. I've not been well of late and my physician has ordered me into some active, out-of-door employment for a while. I happened to be in Mr. Edwards' office when your message came that you needed another man. It seemed just the thing for me, and I applied for the job and got it. I don't know much about felling trees, that's a fact," he added, "but Mr. Edwards said there were other things you could put me at that require less skill, and I'm sure I can make myself useful."

"Boss" Williams's countenance was a study of amazement and wrath as he listened. His face turned from its usual dusky red to purple, the veins of his neck and temples stood out rigid, and his little gray eyes gleamed spitefully beneath his bristling eyebrows. The men sat waiting in joyful expectation of the explosion and the consequent annihilation of the presumptuous stranger, but it was more in disgust than in anger that he finally turned toward them, and, shorn of its oaths, his speech was as follows: "I'll be blowed," he said, slowly, "if I let any contractor hire my men for me another season. Here I'm snowed under with work and send in for a *man*, and that fool sends me out a cub who never saw an ax in his whole life, and he comes whining to me for a soft job. A soft job *in the woods!*"

The enormity of the offense seemed to deprive him of speech for a moment. Then he turned on his visitor in a fury. "Clear out o' this!" he shouted, with a hideous oath. "I ain't got no soft snap for you."

He advanced threateningly, but the young man did not stir. A stubborn look came into his frank eyes.

"No, sir," he said, coolly; "I'm hired, and I shall stay."

Long Hi stepped swiftly between them, but it was not necessary, for the "Boss" stopped short and turned on his heel. "Stay, then," he growled; "but you'll *work* if you do."

"Of course," said the new hand. "That is what I came for."

He slipped out of his wet ulster and hung it on a nail, and the men noticed with approval, as he drew up a box and sat down among them, the easy poise of his lithe figure, his square shoulders, the strong lines of his neck and face, and, most of all, his flannel shirt, top-boots, and suit of rough gray cloth.

However, there was no time for remark, for the kitchen door opened and the cook brought in the supper and the lights. The men gathered about the table. "Boss" Williams seated himself at the head, but he took no further notice of his new hand, who was stationed at the far end of one of the side benches. The men's spirits rose as the meal progressed, and talk and rough banter became general, but they paid no attention to the stranger, who was left free to satisfy his hunger with the plain but well-cooked food before him.

The meal finished, the "Boss" and three others occupied themselves with a game of "seven-up," while the others gathered about the fire, which was blazing brightly now.

"Say, cub, have a chaw?" and Long Hi, who sat next to John Marshall on the bench, hospitably offered him a plug of tobacco.

"Thank you, I never use it," said John.

"No-o?" drawled Long Hi, easily. "I didn't s'pose you did. It's jist ez well, cubby, fer it's a bad habit, I tell you," and he bit off a generous "chaw" for

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himself and settled back comfortably against the wall.

"Say, cub, what can you do?" he drawled again after the space of a quarter of an hour, as one of the men executed a "double shuffle" to the accompaniment of the clapping hands and stamping feet of the others and amid much loud laughter and rude approval. "Can you dance like that, or sing?"

"I sing sometimes," said John, modestly, but he was unprepared for the announcement that followed.

"Say, you," called out Long Hi, "this young cub says he can sing."

"Make him prove it," came promptly from the other side of the fireplace.

"Yes, sing. Pipe up, young feller."

"We don't 'low no bluff like that to pass here."

"Give us a warble, cubby," urged Long Hi; and, thus exhorted, John began, and for an hour his sweet, powerful baritone voice, first in rollicking college songs, then in quaint plantation melodies, Scotch tunes, and even now and then a hymn, charmed the crew of lumbermen into appreciative quiet. Scarcely was one song finished until there were vociferous calls for another, until finally Long Hi clapped the singer heartily on the shoulder.

"Time to turn in," he announced. "Shet up, you," as Black Bob urged another song. "He's proved he can sing all right enough. Come along, cub; I'll show you where you're to sleep."

There was a scramble up the staircase into the loft. It was a long room, running the entire length of the cabin. The sloping roof formed the ceiling, and the tall lumbermen could stand upright only in the center, under the ridge-pole; but it was well ventilated, for through the chinks in the log walls and the cracks in the roughly boarded gables the icy winds swept from end to end of the room, and sometimes the men awoke to find their bed-covering reinforced by a blanket of snow. The beds, frameworks of rough timbers upon which were laid straw-filled ticks and woolen blankets, were ranged in rows down the length of the loft. Long Hi assigned his protegé a bed, and he was soon sleeping as soundly as if he had been in his own daintily furnished room at home.

Four o'clock was an early hour, but John Marshall rose with the rest when the harsh voice of the "Boss" resounded up the stair calling to the men "to roll out o' that in a hurry."

He shivered a little in the raw air as he went out with the others to wash at the stream that ran through the clearing, but the roaring fire within and a hot breakfast warmed and fortified him so that he felt no dread of the unaccustomed work before him as he heard the "Boss" say to Black Bob:

"Take that singin' cub an' clean up that timber over by the north skidway. Make him *work*, or, by George, I'll take him in hand myself, an' if I do, he won't stay long in this camp. This ain't no horspittle, I can tell him."

So out of the cabin he walked with Black Bob, past the stable where the teamsters were greasing their wagons and "hitching up" by lantern light, across the little run and into the black depths of the hemlock woods. He was soon completely bewildered, but his companion held confidently on his way, threading the darkness with the unerring instinct of the trained woodsman, and just at daybreak they emerged in a clearing, where their work lay before them in the shape of fallen trees which the axes of the choppers had felled some days before. "Cleaning up," as he soon learned, consisted in cutting the bark at intervals along the huge trunks, carefully peeling it off and piling it into heaps, then trimming the trunks of their branches, leaving the great logs ready to be taken to the skidways by which they were to be conveyed to the stream and floated down to the mills in the spring.

Black Bob started to work with an ease and skill and speed which John strained every nerve in the vain effort to imitate. There was little conversation, for the older man was by nature taciturn, and John had no breath to spare, but now and then, as the long morning wore away, Black Bob stopped, and, swearing softly to himself, watched the new hand with something like approval in his eyes, for, though awkward and blundering, though the sweat poured from his face and his breath came in quick, audible sighs, John worked on doggedly, and, little by little, gained in skill.

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Near evening the "Boss" came up, noted what had been done, and, after watching John a few moments, began to urge him to faster movements, swearing loud and long, and working himself into a frenzy as he saw that John, though he bent every energy to the work, was apparently unconcerned amid the storm of threats and curses that rained upon him.

"Don't mind the 'Boss,' cubby," said Black Bob, as the angry man rode away and they shouldered their axes preparatory to the walk back to camp. "He's a queer devil, an' he's taken one of his spites at you. He won't get over it no matter what you do, but hands are skerce an' he won't turn you off as long as you work like you did to-day."

Again, as the weary youth climbed the stairs to the loft immediately after supper, he felt a thrill of gratitude as he overheard his companion say to one of the men:

"He's about as green a chap as I ever saw, but he's got sense an' stays with a thing. He'll be earnin' his two dollars a day before Christmas."

Black Bob's prophecy proved true. John became a tolerably skillful workman, and grew to love the vigorous open-air life that brought him such ample returns of health and strength. The noise of the chopping, the crash of falling trees, the zip of the saws, were music to him. To the rough fare he brought the zest of a keen appetite, and his sleep up in the airy loft of the cabin was of the deepest. He was soon a favorite with the men, whom he charmed by his frank, boyish good nature, while they respected a certain fiber of firmness in his character which they felt to be akin to their own rude strength. His sturdy morality and clean speech they took without comment, and, while in no way altering their own course of life, they respected him in his.

With the "Boss," however, he made no progress. Work as he might, he never seemed to satisfy him, and there was no cessation of the abuse that rained upon him whenever their ways chanced to cross.

One day in late November something happened which gained for John a new sobriquet. Henceforth he was known, not as the "Cub," but as "Doc."

He had started with Long Hi to finish cutting a road for the wagons to some remote bark piles, only to find as they reached the place that an important tool was missing. He started back to the camp for it, taking a short cut through the woods, though he knew it would lead him past the point where the "Boss" had been working alone. When he came to the place, however, there was no sound of chopping. One of the giant pines stood cut half-way through and the ax lay on the ground, stained, John was horrified to observe, with blood, while a red trail stretched away across the snow in the direction of the camp.

He followed it on a run, and, not far distant, came upon Williams lying unconscious in a pool of blood. The wound was in the foot. As John knelt and began hastily cutting away the boot, the "Boss" feebly opened his eyes and a look of amazement came into his face as he saw who it was and watched the deft fingers as they removed the boot and woolen sock and revealed a gaping wound, cut to the bone, and fully three inches long. Evidently the man was fast bleeding to death, and John lost no time in improvising a tourniquet with his handkerchief and applying it between the foot and the knee.

"Open your mouth wide," he said, authoritatively, and, wondering, the "Boss" obeyed.

"I thought so," said John, coolly extracting the large quid of tobacco that lay against the man's cheek. "I'll make it useful for once."

He plastered it over the wound and bound the woolen sock tightly over it. Its qualities as a styptic soon became apparent. The flow of blood ceased. In a little while his patient sat up, and, somewhat to John's amazement, swore at him.

"Thought I sent you over to help Long Hi," he growled. "What are you doing here?"

"I was going back for a canthook," said John. "A good thing for you I am here. You would have bled to death. Now the question is how to get you back to camp."

"The question is how to get that road cut if you loaf all day. Git out o' here an' git that hook, an' leave word at the camp for one of the teams to come for me when they git in for dinner."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said John. "You would freeze before noon.

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Keep still, and don't touch those bandages if you value your life," and he started to fetch Long Hi.

It was cold, and, when the two men came, "Boss" Williams was thoroughly chilled, and offered no objection to their carrying him the two miles back to camp.

Once in the cabin John produced a little case of instruments from his valise, and, despite the oaths of the refractory patient, who roared at every twinge of pain, dressed the wound comfortably, while Long Hi stood looking on in wonder, as much at John's command of temper as at his skill.

"Shet up, Williams," he said at last, impatiently, "or have a little sense. I'd have let you bleed to death if I'd been in his place. Where did you learn it, Doc?"

"Oh," said John, "it's only a trifle. I'm a medical student, you know."

"Jes' so," said Long Hi. "I'd call you a first-rate young feller besides if any one was to ask me."

Williams was confined to the cabin for several weeks, while John attended him, dressing the injured foot every morning before he went to work. As a rule, his attentions were accepted as a matter of course, but now and then, as he looked up from the bandages, John caught the man's eyes fixed on him with a curious, wondering look. Once he spoke abruptly.

"What you going to charge me for all this foolishness?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," said John, cheerily. "I'm not a regular practitioner, you know."

"Umph!" said Williams, and relapsed again into silence. When he was again able to go out, his dislike for John had apparently not abated, but it manifested itself now in a pointed avoidance of any speech with him—a course of conduct which Long Hi openly resented.

"I always knew Williams was a low-down cuss," he said, "but he's meaner'n I s'posed. He hain't got sense enough to hate himself for the way he's acted, so he takes it all out in hatin' you, Doc."

Christmas was approaching, and John, remembering former holidays, could not help some twinges of homesickness, the more that the men were planning to send to town on that day for a supply of liquor with which to celebrate, and his mind shrank from the scenes which he feared might follow.

The day before Christmas the men worked as usual until starlight, and then trooped in a body back to the cabin. As Long Hi opened the door, he recoiled so sharply upon the man behind him, and he in turn against his neighbor, that when the impetus reached John, who was last, he promptly measured his length upon the ground. Naturally they all pressed forward then, but once in the room stood awkward and abashed near the door, for, before the blazing fire, in the only chair which the cabin boasted, sat a woman, who, with her slight and delicate figure and the simple elegance of her dress, seemed strangely out of place amid her rude surroundings. The smile with which she looked up, the open brow, the frank, pleasant blue eyes, and her golden hair, were singularly like John's, and he, indeed, with a glad cry of surprise and welcome, sprang to meet her.

"Nelly! How in the world—"

"Oh," she said, as she kissed him warmly, "Jack had to come on business, and I felt it a good opportunity to get a glimpse of you, and bring you all a bit of Christmas. I thought you might like it."

"We do," said John, gratefully, "but," remembering the men's plans for the morrow, "you ought not to have come. This is no place for you."

"I know that I ought not to *stay*," she said, with a smile, "and we intended to go back to-night, but one of the horses is sick, and Jack thought it best to wait until to-morrow. I shall be very comfortable. Mr. Williams," and she smiled up at the "Boss," who, with a tall, kindly-looking man, came out of his room at this juncture, "has very courteously given up his room to me."

The gentleman greeted John heartily, and the men recognized in him Mr. Edwards, the contractor. Their surprise at finding that their comrade was their employer's brother-in-law was only equaled by that of the "Boss."

However, there was no time for awkwardness, for Mr. Edwards, speaking cordially to the men, presented them to his wife, and it was pleasant to see their faces brighten and soften as she spoke to them, and gave each her slender, warm

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white hand. Pleasanter still to see her presiding over the coffee-cups at supper, chatting as gayly with the surly "Boss" as if he were an honored guest at her own table. Pleasantest of all when, later, she sat among them a gracious presence, though she said little, but sat looking musingly into the fire, listening to her husband's conversation with her brother and the men.

There was no smoking and no swearing. Deprived of this last, their usual medium of expression, the men were very quiet, but the evening had no tedium for them.

"Wait a minute, Hi," said John, impulsively, as the tall man rose as a signal to the others that it was time to turn in. "Nelly, won't you sing for us—just once? We all like music, and we don't hear much out here in the woods."

"Certainly, if you all wish it," she said. "It is Christmas Eve. This is what they will be singing at home," and in rich, full liquid tones the notes of "Silent night, hallowed night," floated out on the air. The holy calm of the first Christmas night seemed to draw about them as she sang, and the men listened, awed and hushed and touched to the depths of their great hearts.

There was a moment of silence when she finished, then Long Hi thanked her huskily and bade her good-night, followed by the others, some of them too shy to speak, but all expressing by a vigorous handshake their appreciation.

Although it was a holiday, the men were up betimes the next morning, and, freshly shaven, with hair and beards trimmed and in clean clothing, they presented a much neater appearance than on the evening before.

It was a busy morning, for Nelly Edwards held a whispered consultation with the "Boss," and he had placed his whole crew at her disposal. A half-hour's hunt and Black Bob brought in two fine wild turkeys, and another man secured some ducks. These, dressed by the men and stuffed by the skillful hands of the little mistress of ceremonies, were soon in the great oven, and Long Hi sat down beside it, basting-spoon in hand, to watch the roasting.

In due time vegetables bubbled atop the stove. Raisins were seeded, nuts were cracked. "The bit of Christmas from home" proved to be a wonderful store—mince-meat, pumpkin, cranberries, jellies, fruit, and a great plummy cake. Pies, flaky of crust, delicious as to filling, soon added their fragrance to the tantalizing odors that floated in from the kitchen; and meanwhile, with branches of fir and hemlock and pine, the men turned the large, bare room into a bower of green. Nothing was lacking when they sat down to the feast. Turkeys and ducks, toothsome and tender, with their rich gravies, squash and turnips and feathery mashed potatoes, cranberries and jellies, cake and fruit and coffee—and then the pies! Such pies as surely no lumberman ever ate before in his camp in the woods! Best of all, however, was the presence of the little woman who beamed upon them all from the head of the table as they ate.

All too soon the hour came for leave-taking, and the men crowded forward for a last glimpse of their charming visitor. "Boss" Williams himself handed her into the sleigh and tucked the robes about her, feeling a choking sensation in his throat as she waved a farewell to them and wished them a happy New Year.

"Same to you, ma'am," came in a thundering chorus from the twenty-five men standing about the door.

Dull and lonely they all felt when they re-entered the cabin, but, though the long hours dragged wearily along till bedtime, no one mentioned the very different celebration they themselves had planned.

At daybreak the next morning John stood outside the cabin looking regretfully down at the ground, and "Boss" Williams, coming up behind, saw in the snow two slender footprints—Nelly Edwards's tracks where she had stepped into the sleigh. Snow was falling fast, and soon this mute reminder of her visit would be obliterated.

The "Boss" turned aside into the cabin, but soon came out with a cracker-box, which he placed carefully over the footprints in the snow. Then, straightening himself, he looked the younger man squarely in the eyes and held out his hand. As John grasped it heartily he said:

"Come along, Doc. Let's go git in that load of bark."

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The Chimney Drummer-Boy

By William J. Long

(To be read in Drum-major time)

There's a boy I know, and he drums all day,
For his chief delight is in soldier play.
'Tis a very little boy,
And a very big drum,
And everywhere he goes he makes things hum,
With his *brum, b rrr rum-brum, m' Brum! Brum!*

When the rooster crows at the break of day,
Then his kettle-drum drums the reveillé.
At noon and at night,
As he comes from school,
Then he drums the "Retreat from Sebastopol."
And the neighbors all hum,
When they hear him come—
Hi, diddle-dumpty, tinkle-tankle-tum,
Brum, br rrr rum-brum, Brum!

Now Santa Claus heard him, one Christmas eve,
And he said to himself: "'Tis clear, I perceive,
That this idle boy is no good here;
For to study and work are not his sphere.
So I'll take him with me,
My drummer to be,
And I'll feed him on jam and peppercorn tea.
And my elves will come
When they hear him drum—
Plan, rat-a-plan, plan, tum-e-tum-tum,
Brum, br rrr rum-brum, Brum!"

That night, as he slept in his trundle-bed,
With his drum and his drumsticks under his head,
They were all whisked off up the chimney flue—
The drum stuck tight,
But the boy went through.
Then Santa Claus sneezed with the soot in his nose,
And the boy woke up, as you may suppose.
He lost his hold on the chimney rim;
Head over heels he tumbled in—
Bim! (That was his head.)
Bim, tumble-in, bim-bim! (Those were his heels.)

There he is in his own big drum,
For he can't get out till the kingdom-come.
So he drums all day, to his heart's delight,
And the elfins feed him every night.
In the fireplace dark,
If you listen sharp,
When the house is still, and the watchdogs bark,
When the wind's northeast, and the storm is come,
Up the chimney glum
You can hear him drum—
B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r rum, Brum!

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The Story of an East Side Family

II.—Landed Proprietors

By Lillian W. Betts

JACK held his head high as he faced the world with Mary beside him the morning after their unexpected wedding. As he walked, he kept his hand closed on the key in his pocket. It was a great possession—the visible expression of his claim to responsible manhood. The air was crisp, the wind from the river piercing, and the two shivered as they walked toward the Bowery. Jack had two cents in his pocket. When they reached the first news-stand, one of these paid for a paper that appealed to Mary because it made a specialty of want advertisements.

They sat down side by side in the first doorway that offered protection from the wind. As Mary bent eagerly over the columns of the paper, Jack's face became overshadowed. Mary turned familiarly to the columns headed "Female Wants," her finger slipping from line to line. There were so many possibilities open to Mary—neckties, straw-sewing, skirt-bands, machine hands. Her finger passed to the last line of the last want and then began at the top again, this time to blaze a way through the bewildering forest. Versatile as was Mary's equipment for wage-earning, it was not a good morning for her. Feather-workers were in greatest demand, which made her resolve to learn feather-making. Mary was so intent that for the time Jack was forgotten, and she did not see the shadows deepen as he watched her. "There's some tie hands wanted on Broadway," she said at last, deftly tearing out a badly printed two lines and a half from the want column; "and a place on Canal Street wants waist hands." Here three lines were cleverly cut out with a pin. "And there'll be a lot of signs out," she continued; "it's early," giving an intelligent look at the sun shining only on the top of the tallest tenements. She rose with a movement full of purpose, handing Jack the paper. A soft blush stole into her cheeks as she said timidly, "I don't know what time I'll get back." Jack drew his hand from his pocket and handed her the big key. "Here, take it. Yer mustn't stand in the door. Yer may get home first." Their eyes met in a caress that warmed and fed and thrilled them. They parted without a word.

Jack stood still watching Mary until she turned the corner. He sat down holding the crumpled paper between his knees. There was something wrong in the universe. Jack, from the time he had thrashed the boy who took his candy ball, in the days before a difference in outer garments declared his sex, to the present, had been master of every situation he faced. Now a woman, yes, a woman, had revealed to Jack that there were situations that muscle could not conquer. He carefully smoothed out the rumpled paper, and gazed long and earnestly at the hieroglyphics that covered it. "Dere ain't no use; she's smarter den I be." The world was very dark. Jack experienced his Waterloo. His attitude of dejection was so marked, even in that region where buoyancy is not the predominant trait of the people after they are fourteen years old, that the passers-by noted a "feller down on his luck."

But Jack recovered himself after a time. He could not have explained his line of reasoning. His determination was to learn to read, and to get a steady job. "Women must stay at home after they're spliced," was his conclusion. The face the world saw under the ragged cap was alight with a purpose that made Jack older. The man was born that morning when Jack started out to find work that would support two.

He went to his usual haunts. He had missed a chance with a huckster he knew; he was late. The men in the market who needed extra help were supplied. He raged inwardly at the time he had lost thinking; he called it "loafing." He went from one place to another offering his services without results. The day was growing to its middle life when he got a job on a coal and wood cart.

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The owner had hurt his foot and could not get up and down to wait on his customers. "Sorry the cove has wrung his hoof," muttered Jack, true to his nature.

The peddler kept a watch on his helper, and grew less and less enthusiastic as he saw the exactness in weights and measures—a trifle he neglected. In spite of this unbusiness-like trait of his helper, his stock was disappearing with unusual rapidity, while his pockets held unusual weights for the hour of the day. The harsh, familiar voice brought heads out of windows where the capitalist had never seen them. As he watched Jack, the new man's method was a revelation; he discovered there was more than one way of tending strictly to business. Jack handed the small child clinging to its mother's skirts a tiny block of wood, with the command to build a house. He commented on the child or the weather, or complimented the mother, which usually brought out the laughing "Go 'long wid yer," followed by the question, "Will yer be through here to-morry?" which was answered by, "Shure, if ye'll give me a chance to wait on yer." Jack parried jokingly demands for a handful more of coal or a few more sticks of wood to the measure. Yes, there was more than one way of tending strictly to "biz." At four o'clock the cart was empty. With fifty cents in his pocket, and engaged for a week at a dollar a day, Jack, the richest man in New York, went home to his palace.

How quickly it tumbled about him in very ashes when he found Mary, white and still, sitting on the soap-box! Had Jack ever seen it done, he would doubtless have taken Mary in his arms, the rush of tenderness and the sense of protecting power were so strong within him. But the expression of our love is largely imitative. He took Mary's hand in his awkwardly, and asked what was the matter.

"Jack, I am hungry," she whispered, conscious of a sense of shame and dependence she had never known before. With a start, Jack dropped her hand. Breakfast had been the remnant of the loaf given for the wedding supper. Jack in a minute was in the store below.

"Got luck?" was the query of the sympathetic German. "Yes," was the brief response, as Jack bought bread, butter, and cheese. He would have bought milk, but as yet to Jack milk was "grub fer kids." When Jack took the change for the fifty cents he offered in payment, he looked at the groceryman with flushed cheeks. "Don't look fair to take it," he said, "but she's"—jerking his head upward—"she's hungry; we got ter have grub. I'll pay yer, sure. I got a job for a week at a dollar, and den I'll pay yer."

"Dot is all right; you go to her. I trus' you," and a bland smile spread over the round Saxon face—a smile that would have told Jack a story if he had been less worried about Mary. Supper was soon ready; it was a mere matter of uncovering the food. The very presence of food stimulated both, and soon in careless, happy ease the experiences of the day were exchanged.

"I must get ter start earlier to-morrow. The tie place was jammed when I got there. The waist place? The policeman was at the door to keep any more from going up. I tell yer if yer want work now yer got ter get a hustle on yer," was the conclusion of Mary's experience.

"No, s'r 'ee. I'm the hustler, Mary. I'm the one to hustle," Jack added quickly.

"Jack, we got ter have things—chairs, a bed, dishes, and things. We don't want to hide. We want folks ter know we're married and housekeeping. We got ter have clothes, both on us. I can earn good money," Mary pleaded. "When de old boss gets started, he's goin' ter give me first show," he says. "Oh, Jack, I got ter work until we get things. Maybe we can have two rooms," she added, exultingly, her eyes shining with hope, the heaven attainable daily to the poor.

"Yer Dutch scoundrel! A-hidin' of me daughter, and her bein' ruined. Let me get me hands on that red-headed foghorn and I'll spile the beauty of him. If he ever had a mother, shure she wouldn't know him when I get through wid 'im. Oh-h, to think o' me, a hard-workin' woman as was always respectable, bein' disgraced by that hard-hearted girl, who always begrudged me the sup that kept the heart within me."

Mary stood white and trembling. "Jack, she'll kill me," she whispered. Jack, standing close beside her with blazing eyes, answered: "She's lammed yer

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fer der las' time. Yer got me now." He put his arm around Mary, waiting for the door to open. The voice was higher and came nearer. Mary's mother was coming upstairs.

"Open the door, yer sneakin' thief! Yer took her to support yer, yer lazy, howlin' truckster's traitor, yer." There was a bang, a struggle, and a deep bass voice saying, "Phawt for you break mine door in? I get you 'rested, you shust step in vonct."

"Git out, yer Dutch noodle. I want me daughter," wailed the voice, growing louder and thicker.

"Jack, she's awful. She never goes on like that 'cept when she's fightin' full. Oh, Jack," and Mary threw her arms around his neck.

Jack's instincts guided him. He pushed the box in the corner by the window with his foot. He took Mary's arms gently from his neck and put her down on it. "Keep still, Mary," was his injunction as he turned toward the door.

"Oh, Jack, don't hit 'er," gasped Mary, half rising.

"Hit a woman?" The scorn in Jack's face did more to quiet Mary than his tenderness, the expression of which was new to both of them.

"Let me git at 'er. I'll break the head of her. The villain! a-robbin' me of me child, and me most respectable."

Suddenly a door flew open; the light of the candle shone out in the hall. For a moment the enraged woman was silent. She bounded forward, catching her foot in her dress, and would have fallen had not Jack caught her in his arms. He held her arms as in a vise. When she found she could not use them she shrieked at the top of her voice, "Murther! murther!" over and over again.

Footsteps sounded through the halls; doors opened, while tenants hung over banisters; children cried in terror.

"Shet yer jaw," was Jack's command in a voice of thunder.

"Mother! mother! be still: I'm married," and Mary, taking the certificate from her dress, held it in front of the screaming, struggling woman.

"Married to that howlin' thramp wid a v'ice that'd scare the divil! Let me get at yer." The woman writhed and twisted in the grip of the man.

"Bring her in, Jack, and shut the door. There's nothin' she can break. She'll go to sleep soon."

"Go to sleep, yer lyin', lazy hussy! Shure it's the heart of me is afire with the thought of me child married ter this—oh, murther!"

Mary pushed herself between her mother and the door, closing it and shutting out the staring tenants in the hall, now angry because a policeman appeared on the stairs.

There was a scream and a fall behind the closed door. Mary's mother had struck her. When the policeman entered, Jack was holding his cap against Mary's head, which rested on his shoulder. The sight partially sobered the mother, who faced the policeman with a maudlin smile:

"She tripped, yer honor. Them thrails be a nuisance, which yer honor would find out if yer wore one. Tee-hee. 'Tis foine ye'd be in a thrail, I do be thinkin'." She smiled flatteringly as she added quickly, "'Tis foine yer are."

"Run her in. She struck 'er," said Jack in a choking voice. "Run her in." He lifted his cap from Mary's head as he spoke. There was a movement of protest and a protesting gesture of Mary's hand.

"Shure, ye'll not do that, me darlint. 'Twas a bit queer I was with worryin' fer yer. It's all right now. Yer married to a foine man.

"Yer honor," to the policeman, "it's all right; yer can go, yer honor. I'll sit here; I'm a bit dizzy wid wakefulness."

The policeman looked at the white face on the boy's shoulder whom he had known through all his starved life, at the purple-faced woman rocking back and forth on the box in the corner, then into the face of the child pleading for her mother.

"She'd better go home," he said to Jack in answer to Mary's silent appeal.

The policeman took the woman gently by the shoulder and helped her out into the hall. When they reached the street, he turned her toward her home, saying, "Ye'll keep a quiet head on you in this end of town, if yer don't want ter spind tin days in the country, maybe a bit longer. De yer mind?"

The woman nodded as she turned toward the home in which a discouraged man sat, looking with a pained expression toward a gay hat on which a rose nodded

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familiarly toward him. His glance fell on the little mirror near the window in which he had often furtively watched a round baby face which changed to that of a girl often serious, and had worried as they both listened for a stumbling step on the stairs. Again he looked at the hat and the nodding rose. Where was she, the only one in all the world who cared for him—his baby?

Jack laid Mary down and washed her face with a piece of paper dipped in water in a cup. There was a knock at the door and the little round groceryman entered. He sat down on the box and looked sorrowfully at the two who seemed to belong to him.

"Jack, I mus' haf you mofe. Der peoples in de hous is madt dat der ist noise, und dat a policemans comed in; it spoilt der house, day say."

Mary started up.

"Oh, Jacob, don't make Jack move. Don't put us out. She won't come again. I'll go and see her every day. Don't put us out. Jack couldn't help it. She's been off a week. She'll keep sober now for a good while. I know her. Tell the people, Jacob, she won't come again." Mary's sobs pierced the heart of both men. Jack's head dropped lower as he watched this girl whose laugh was all the music he ever loved.

Mr. Jacob stood up. "Don' you cry, Mary. Da can all mofe. I want some more room. Mine Gretchen she come," he added. "I sent for mine Gretchen to make me a home. Yas. You ist right. You stay."

Jacob went downstairs and met the spokesman with determined face and voice.

"Ya; dat ist so, but da stay. Da cannot help what her mudder do. If you no like, der ist odder houses," and Jacob mounted his high stool; the conference was ended.

The next morning, with her hair dropping lower on her temple, Mary started early with Jack to find work. Jacob beckoned them in and gave them steaming cups of coffee in the little room back of the store. Full of courage, and believing the world a beautiful place, they started out after helping Jacob clear up and arrange his stock for the day.

That day Mary got work with the old "boss."

Things filled the little room, and they soon learned that things are a far greater burden than nothing if you have no place for them. With both earning wages, toward spring Jack and Mary moved to the third-story back, the proud and happy possessors of two rooms.

Gretchen was the loving, happy mistress of the floor above the store. The house was marked in the neighborhood as one of the aristocracy; it enjoyed the proud distinction of two families occupying a whole floor each. It was the one house where there were no lodgers, and where the tenants did not move out. The front door was kept locked; Jack and Mary each carried two keys.

Mary still worked, for it was necessary that there should be money ahead. Money was given each week to Jacob to keep for them. It was difficult to tell which had the greatest pride in their prosperity. Certainly to Jacob it was a personal matter.

There was a new light in Mary's eyes. Her interest in shop windows no longer centered in hats. It wandered now, and her eyes rested longest, and she speculated on values most, as she looked at witching garments she had never noticed before.

A Persian Epigram

By Edwin Henry Keen

Once, in thy father's arms, a new-born child,
  Thou didst but weep, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
  Thou mayest smile, while all around thee weep.

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Fenimore Cooper To-Day

MOST Americans know very little about the reputation of their own writers abroad; they are interested only in their popularity at home. If it be true, as Matthew Arnold held, that the judgment of foreign countries is the nearest approach which can be made to the judgment of posterity, there must be a radical readjustment of American literary reputations. Some of the most popular writers in this country are hardly known abroad, or, if they are known, they are very little read. On the other hand, certain writers whom Americans, either as a class or in a very considerable majority, do not regard as representing the highest artistic achievement, hold the first place in the estimation of readers of the Old World. The most popular living American writer in Europe is Mark Twain. His books are found everywhere; they are read in all countries; his name is known by all readers of general literature. The poets who are most widely known are Poe and Whitman, Poe being regarded by a great many students on the other side as distinctly the foremost man of genius in literature that America has produced; while Whitman is held to be a true son of the soil, an exponent of that quality in American life which differentiates it most radically from European life. To these names must be added that of James Fenimore Cooper, who is far better known than Hawthorne, and far more widely read than the later and more accomplished novelists.

It is interesting to note these opinions, and to record the fact that, although Cooper died fifty years ago last September and is often spoken of by American critics with a certain condescension, he holds his own in the estimation of the world beyond America.

There are good reasons for that opinion, and there are good reasons to believe that Cooper's place is assured. He had, to begin with, the good fortune to come at the right moment. If he had come later, he would not have made so deep an impression. He had the opportunity of laying the foundation of American romance, and he was equal to it. A man of the most vigorous personality, of ardent temperament, and of great industry, he was not in any sense a creative spirit. He lacked artistic sensitiveness, and he had no great fund of inventiveness; but he had a new field and a clear one. He had the insight to discern the possibilities of the field, and he used those possibilities with directness, force, and freshness of feeling; the profounder aspects of life, spiritual and moral, were concealed from him. He cannot for a moment be compared in delicacy, deftness, and alertness with the modern masters of style in fiction. He is verbose and often tedious; but, in spite of these faults, he has contributed eight or ten stories of permanent interest to American fiction; and he has enriched the world of American romance and legendary story with a group of striking and original figures, including Harvey Birch, Uncas, Leatherstocking, Chingachgook, Natty Bumppo, and Long Tom Coffin. The finesse and refinement of many of the best contemporary writers of fiction must not make us blind to the simple, native, enduring quality of Cooper's work; to that original power in him which, happily combined with a rare opportunity, enabled him to write stories of lasting value, and to take a position in our literature which will not be obscured by the greater men of the future.

His early circumstances were harmonious with his talent and his time; for he came of excellent English stock, and he passed his boyhood in a wild, lovely, and lonely country, which filled his imagination with the poetry and the reality of the woodlands, and his memory with a stock of wild stories and traditions. Otsego Hall at Cooperstown, in this State, the home of Judge William Cooper, the father of the novelist, was an excellent example of the American manor-house of the early times—capacious, admirably furnished, hospitable, the home of good manners, of intelligent interests, and of refined tastes. It was remote, and one is not surprised to find Talleyrand, who once visited it, declaring that "Otsego is not gay." It was, however, the very place for the best education of a novelist of the tempera-

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ment and quality of Cooper. He grew up under the spell of colonial traditions of adventure and hardship, as Walter Scott grew up under the spell of the great traditions of Scotch romance and history. He entered Yale College in 1806, but his career was brought to a premature close by a frolic, and he missed that steadiness of training and continuity of effort which, if he had been willing to receive them, might have helped him to overcome the lack of self-control which was the prime source of misfortune in his life. He had, however, what was most important for his purpose, the education of the woods, and he was about to have a post-graduate course at sea; for, after leaving college, he spent a year in a merchant vessel. Later he entered the navy as a midshipman; and for three years longer his training at sea and in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes was thorough and continuous.

After his marriage, in 1811, he had the further good fortune to live in what is now a suburb of New York, but was then rural country, full of the stories of the struggles of the Revolution. Being in independent circumstances, he busied himself with his estate; but in 1820, tradition declares, while reading one of the English novels of the day, Cooper laid it down with the declaration that it was so poor that he believed he could write a better story himself. Mrs. Cooper fortunately heard the remark, and challenged him to make it good. In the autumn of the same year "Precaution" was published. It was badly written, it was vilely printed, and it presented at second hand a picture of English social life which Cooper knew only in a very casual way. It had not occurred to him to write about American life because at that time American life had not entered into the literary consciousness of the country as furnishing proper material for art. It is true, Irving had found a great deal that was broadly humorous in colonial New York; but the New World was still looking to the Old World for good manners, sound judgment, and good reading. "Precaution" was weak, imitative, and unpromising; but it suggested to Cooper and his friends the possibilities of his doing something as a writer. He was urged to take an American theme. He did it reluctantly, and with a conviction that the selection of such a subject would necessarily limit the popularity of his book. When "The Spy" appeared in 1821, it went into a second edition in a month; in the second month a third edition was necessary, and in half a year it was being performed in the theaters as a drama, and was being read and talked about all over the country. The subject came very close both to the memory and heart of the people; for the War of the Revolution was not much further behind the middle-aged man in that time than is the Civil War to-day. Time enough had elapsed to soften passion and to heal some wounds, but the memories were still fresh, and the process of idealizing the struggle was at flood-tide.

Cooper did not fully realize the ripeness of time nor the richness of the material; but he saw what could be done, and he made a real book, which instantly found recognition both at home and abroad. Even in England, where the memories of the Revolution were still fresh, "The Spy" was cordially received. In France it was welcomed with enthusiasm, and in translation it penetrated almost every country in Europe. It is still, in spite of the great popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a number of years, the most widely read American novel, and Harvey Birch is perhaps the best-known figure in American fiction.

Between 1820 and 1830, the most productive years in Cooper's life, eleven stories were published, and, with a single exception, they were immediately successful. "The Pioneers," which appeared in 1823, was the initial volume in the "Leatherstocking Tales," which have had the good fortune, not only to keep the interest of mature readers, but to take their places among the classics for boys, and to form a valuable part of the educational capital of the New World. "The Pioneers" is, in point of fact, the first story of frontier life, the earliest novel of adventure, written in this country with an American background. In this series "The Last of the Mohicans" has probably been the most popular, but "The Deerslayer" is generally regarded as, on the whole, the most admirably constructed and thoroughly artistic of all Cooper's stories. This novel and "The Pathfinder" represent Cooper at his best. "The Pilot" appeared in 1823, and re-

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mains probably the best sea story yet written by an American, Long Tom Coffin taking his place in the front rank of Cooper's character studies.

From 1826 to 1833 Cooper lived abroad; his fame was then at its zenith. Irving was popular with a considerable constituency of readers in England, and had endeared himself to them by reason of his charming delineation of English life, but Cooper was far more widely known. An aristocrat by the circumstances of his birth and by his taste, he was a thorough democrat in political conviction and in sympathy. Europe was then densely ignorant of America, and insolently or contemptuously patronizing towards it. It was an atmosphere which would have stirred even the most self-controlled of Americans into active indignation; it stirred Cooper, who was never self-controlled, into violence. Instead of meeting European contempt and ignorance, as Lowell did, with sarcasm or with wit, Cooper became angry, and so lost the use of his best weapons.

When he returned to this country, he found that great changes had taken place; a new society had come to the front; a new social order was being developed. The rule of the colonial aristocracy had been largely overthrown by a new group of people who had less breeding and more money. Cooper held tenaciously to the old order, with its fine ideals of public service and its exacting standard of manners; he did not recognize the larger evolution which was going on in the country, and which was essential to the permeation of American society with the best influences; he saw only the adverse and unhappy phases of the social education of the people about him. As he had been frank abroad, so he was frank at home. Americans of that time were very sensitive to criticism of their manners or institutions. Cooper was very frank and very outspoken. He forfeited his popularity; he allowed himself to be drawn into a number of unfortunate controversies and lawsuits against newspapers, and he embittered the closing years of his life. He secured technical vindication, but at too great a cost; the same end would have been secured if he had been patient, for he was misunderstood, misrepresented, and most unjustly dealt with. It must be added, however, that he was "proud, captious, censorious, and arbitrary."

Through all this storm the repose of his domestic life remained undisturbed. There he was at his best. A man of passionate spirit, but of great tenderness, power of affection, and loyalty, he lived long enough to see the tide of favor set toward him once more, and his death opened the eyes of his countrymen to the great service he had rendered his country, and was followed by very wide recognition of his contributions to American letters. Balzac thought so well of him that he declared that "if Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." That word was beyond Cooper's power of utterance, for he was not a great artist; his distinction is that he uttered the first word in American fiction, that he struck the National note by the use of American material, and that he created a group of new types of New World characters.

Among the numerous editions of Cooper's work which have appeared in rapid succession during the last seventy-five years, a first place must be given to the Red Rover Edition, which is handsomely printed in thirty-two substantial, well-made volumes, each volume containing an etched frontispiece, a very attractive title-page printed in black and red, and a preface which is in each case a comment on the quality and significance of the story which it introduces. The edition bears the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the successors of Cooper's earliest publishers.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Age Hence and Other Poems (An). By George Theodore Welch, M.D. Peter Eckler, New York. 5×8 in. 182 pages. $1.

American Race (The). By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. David McKay, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 392 pages.

The thirty pages given to this subject in the author's previously published work on "Races and Peoples" are here expanded into a comprehensive and detailed account of the various peoples and tribes that occupied this continent, at its discovery in 1492, from the Arctic to Cape Horn. Dr. Brinton regards their progenitors as having migrated from western Europe while a land connection between the two continents existed prior to the close of the last glacial period. Having dwelt long enough between the southern edge of the continental glacier and the Gulf of Mexico to acquire the characteristics of an independent race, they spread southward, and also followed the receding glacier northward. This account of their descendants in North and South America abounds in particulars of interest to the general reader, and also to special students.

An Indiana Girl. By Fred. S. Lincoln. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D.C. 5×7¼ in. 286 pages.

As the Goose Flies. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated by the Author. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. $1.20, net.

Readers of this book will make acquaintance with a little girl who enjoyed the most wildly exhilarating adventures on the back of Mother Goose's Gander, who flew with her through the wall of her nursery and into the city of shining towers, for which she had searched in imagination. It is a happy little story.

Ballads of Brotherhood. By Alphonso Alva Hopkins. The Abbey Press, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 84 pages. 50c.

Bernardo and Laurette: Being the Story of Two Little People of the Alps. By Marguerite Bouvet. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 217 pages. $1.

A pretty story daintily printed.

Billy Stories (The). By Eva Lovett. Illustrated. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 218 pages. $1.

Bread of Life and Other Chapters on the Bible (The). By the Rev. John Worcester. The Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston, Mass. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. $1.

Cape Cod Boy (A). By Sophie Swett. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5×7½ in. 311 pages. $1.25.

Miss Swett knows how to bring out rustic character and to combine local color with story-interest. This is a good book for boys—and others.

Classified List of Minerals, Precious and Other Stones (A). By Felix J. Troughton. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 27 pages. 25c.

Childhood of Queen Victoria (The). By Mrs. Gerald Gurney (Dorothy Frances Blomfield). Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 238 pages. $1.75.

Cosmos Pictures. (Reproductions of famous works of art.) In two sizes. The smaller, 6×8⅝ in; the larger, 9×15 or 10×13 inches, according to the relative height and width of the original painting. The Cosmos Pictures Company, 296 Broadway, New York. Prices, pictures of smaller size, 10 for 25c.; larger size, 4 for 25c., postage paid.

Count Hannibal: A Romance of the Court of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Weyman here returns from his recent incursions into English eighteenth-century life to that of France in earlier days. This semi-historical romance has not always the compact force of Mr. Weyman's earlier French tales, but it certainly does not lack of action, and some of the characters are clear-cut—most of all Count Hannibal de Tavannes himself, a nobleman who fights for the king against the Huguenots (the story begins with the St. Bartholomew massacre), and who loves even better than he fights.

Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $2.

Beginning with that brave-souled woman of keen intellect, biting wit, and daring religious vision, Anne Hutchinson, of Boston, this volume gives us the story of nine women who were more or less distinctive figures in the early annals of our country. Frances Mary Jacqueline La Tour, defender of Fort La Tour, Acadie, in 1636, is a pathetic combination of high-hearted man and tender-souled woman, never weakened save through love for an unworthy husband. Margaret Brent, beloved of Leonard Calvert, Governor of Maryland, who on his death delegated to her all his possessions and the management of them, practically ruled the colony from Calvert's death in 1647 on through the years of its reconstruction after the Clayborne rebellion. It speaks volumes in her behalf that the whole colony supported her administration of affairs even against the protests of Lord Baltimore, sent from England, and that nothing was ever denied her by the courts, although the right to vote was denied her by the nominal Governor—who, nevertheless, always went to her for guidance. Madame Sarah Knight was a wit and traveler by stage-coach, born in Boston, 1666. Eliza Lucas was a brilliant South Carolina girl, born in 1723. Next comes immortal Martha Washington. Then follows intellectual, capable Abigail Adams, of Massachusetts, who embodied in herself the apotheosis of all that early New Englanders meant by the word "faculty." Then we have the story of Elizabeth Schuyler, of New York, wife of Alexander Hamilton; and last that of the fair Quaker-

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esses, Sarah Wister and Deborah Norris, of Philadelphia.

Dames and Daughters of the Young Republic. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $2.

Foremost on the list of women of the dawning Republic is placed beautiful, fascinating Dorothea Payne Madison—the Dolly Madison said to have created the "golden age of social Washington" while her husband was President. Next on the list stands Sarah Jay, wife of the diplomat John Jay, and herself of the famous Whig family of Livingston—a beautiful, gracious, high-bred woman. Then follows a full life-sketch of brilliant, pathetic Theodosia Burr, the adored of father and husband, whose end remains a mystery despite the imaginings of novelists. The gloom of Theodosia's fate is lightened by the bizarre story of Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. Whatever this woman may have suffered through disappointed ambition, her irritant pride, pungent wit, and pugnacious courage will keep posterity from wasting pity on her. Among other women here described are Martha Jefferson, daughter of Thomas Jefferson, "Patsy," as she was lovingly called; Rachel Jackson, wife of President Andrew Jackson; and Dorothy Quincy, wife of John Hancock of patriotic fame. The volume closes with a sketch of a woman never known outside of private life, but whose incomparable beauty and rare sweetness of character have made her name an imperishable tradition, "Beautiful Emily Marshall," of Boston—a woman whom every one who ever saw her, from Daniel Webster to an Irish laborer who went without his dinner to look at her, have averred was of a beauty indescribable. The late Rev. James Freeman Clarke has left it on record that he never could understand what historians meant by the effect produced by Mary Queen of Scots until the sense of it came to him while looking on Emily Marshall.

Dear Days: A Story of Washington School Life. By Armour Strong. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 316 pages. $1.

Democracy and the Trusts. Address by Edwin B. Jennings. The Abbey Press, New York. 4×7½ in. 65 pages. 50c.

Diamond Necklace (The): Being the True Story of Marie-Antoinette and the Cardinal de Rohan. By Frantz Funck-Brentano. Authorized Translation by H. Sutherland Edwards. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.50.

The name might presuppose this to be a romance. It is, however, a rather complex study of the episode which played a fatal part in the fortunes of the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette. Records, letters, historic incidents, all are resurrected and brought to tally in throwing light on the story. The career of the gay and fascinating Cardinal, Prince Louis de Rohan, is given from the time of his going to the court of Maria Theresa, when the temperamental dislike of him entertained by that famous sovereign began. This is followed by the account of his financial fall in France, and the subsequent part played by him in the affair of the necklace—hoping thereby to again win the Queen's favor and support. Although some of the most notable persons of the period figure in these pages, none will be likely to hold the reader's interest or curiosity as does Cagliostro, whose strange deeds and claim to absolute occult powers held such sway over the minds of some great people of his day.

Doctor Josephine: A Love Story of Profit-Sharing. By Willis Barnes. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 321 pages. $1.

Dreamland. By Julie M. Lippman. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5×7½ in. 211 pages. $1.

English Pre-Raphaelite Painters (The). By Percy Bate. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 124 pages. $3.

Fortune of Christina McNab. By S. Macnaughtan. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 314 pages. $1.

A charming little novel, with quaintly sly humor and good-natured hits on local differences; all told by one who has a thorough knowledge of Scotch character.

Fortune Telling. By Madame Xanto. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 4½×5¾ in. 140 pages.

Fra Angelico Velazquez. By George C. Williamson, **Litt. D.** Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 50c. each.

Reserved for later notice.

Fra Filippo Lippi. By Edward C. Strutt. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 202 pages. $5.

Reserved for later notice.

Friendship: Two Essays. By Ralph Waldo Emerson and Marcus Tullius Cicero. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 188 pages. $1.

Two famous classics of Roman and American literature brought together in a prettily decorated little volume.

Girls of the True Blue. By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 406 pages. $1.50.

A well-written book, which in effect forms a somewhat serious study of girl character, its contrasts and the results of the same upon associates. The purpose is kept subordinate to the story, which is interesting and well sustained.

Gold-Stealers (The). By Edward Dyson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 310 pages. $1.50.

An exciting story of no great literary merit.

Golfer's Rubáiyat (The). By H. W. Boynton. Illustrated. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¼×7 in. 79 pages.

A very bright little book, which, by skillful adaptation of the form and a good deal of the imagery of Fitzgerald's translation, secures the humor of contrast between a weighty manner and a very light subject. There are many excellent hits made in the verses, which will be recognized not only by golfers but by the class of persons known as "duffers."

Great White Way (The). By Albert Bigelow Paine. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 327 pages. $1.50.

A fantastic tale of imaginary Antarctic exploration which has much of the ingenuity and plausibility that Mr Stockton displays in this kind of extravaganza.

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Green Door (The). By Margaret Compton. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5¼×7½ in. 197 pages.

Hawthorn and Lavender, with Other Verses. By William Ernest Henley. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 513 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Heart of the Road and Other Poems (The). By Anna Hempstead Branch. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 120 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

History of the Orient and Greece for High Schools and Academies. By George Willis Botsford, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 383 pages. $1.20.

One whose school days are past will wish it had been his good fortune to be initiated into ancient history by such a book as this, a better than which for the purposes of secondary schools it is not easy to imagine.

House Party (A). Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 418 pages. $1.50.

Twenty-five American authors were asked to contribute short stories anonymously. Twelve complied. The publishers offer a prize of $1,000 to the reader who guesses rightly, or nearest to rightly, the authors of the twelve stories. The twenty-five names certainly represent well and fairly the best of American short-story writers. The stories themselves with a few exceptions do not, however, by any means represent the average of good American short-story writing. Aside from prize-winning possibilities, it is an interesting pastime to speculate on the authorship, and readers who in advance may think the task an easy one will find some hard nuts to crack, particularly in the case of two or three of the tales which are so exceptionally poor that it is hard to believe that *any* of the twenty-five authors named would be willing to acknowledge them.

Hypolympia; or, The Gods of the Island. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 220 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

International Law. By George Grafton Wilson, Ph.D., and George Fox Tucker, Ph.D. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 459 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Ideal School (An). By Preston W. Search. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 357 pages.

Among the numerous recent publications which evince our time as a time of transition from old to new educational ideals and methods, this is pre-eminently deserving of the attention of all who are interested in the experiments which are to determine the survival of the fittest. The author is a recognized leader in constructive pedagogy, and qualified as few are, both by wide and diversified experience, as well as by scientific study and research. Most will agree with him that radical defects in present methods require remedy, but it will come as a surprise to many to hear that it is in the colleges that the spirit of reform makes slowest progress. The work of the colleges, the author thinks, will eventually be done by the high schools. Of this book President G. Stanley Hall says that it is the one in the whole field which he would advise every teacher, of whatever grade, to read and ponder.

Ireland: Historic and Picturesque. By Charles Johnston. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 394 pages.

This is a popular account of the history and scenery of Ireland. It is appropriately published at this holiday time, when it will find special and deserved recognition. Both in text and illustration the book is full of interest; it will pay either exhaustive or cursory examination.

James Russell Lowell: A Biography. By Horace Elisha Scudder. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 455 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Japanese Miscellany (A). By Lafcadio Hearn. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 305 pages. $1.60, net.

King's Rubies (The). By Adelaide Fuller Bell. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.

Lauriel: The Love Letters of an American Girl. Edited by A. H. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1.50.

Leisurable Studies. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 181 pages. $1.50.

Why so opaque a title should have been given to so bright a book is not clear. It is clear at the opening that the author has something to say, and knows how to say it attractively. His book which appeared last year, "Things Beyond the Tomb," quite indisposed us to anticipate profit in this; but he gets on much better in the region of actual experience. Mr. Passmore is an Anglo-Catholic and a ritualist, carries a whip of small cords, and excels in the art of laying on with good judgment and high literary skill. The subjects of this discipline are his clerical brethren and a sister known as "the Religious Woman," *alias* the general gadfly of the parish—whose buzz, indeed, is heard in other churches also. While the author excoriates "silly ritual," his chapter on "The Functions of Ceremonial" deserves to be read by non-ritualists for its exhibition of the ritualistic point of view.

Lost Galleon of Doubloon Island (The). By W. Bert Foster. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.25.

Love Letters: Containing the Etiquette of Introductions, Courtship, and Proposals. By Isabelle Ingram. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 4½×5 in. 185 pages. 30c.

Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum (The). By Wallace Irwin. Introduction by Gelett Burgess. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 5×7 in. 23 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

Man Who Knew Better (The): A Christmas Dream. By T. Gallon. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 224 pages. $1.50.

There are, doubtless, people to whom this allegorical history might prove valuable if placed in their hands at this Christmas season. Andrew Judkins is a man of money, who believes wealth to be no more than the natural reward of merit of those who possess it,

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and poverty the right and due companion of all who find themselves its victims. The custom and good will which have created Christmas giving especially enrage him, and he works out his convictions by passing his Christmas Eve driving, so far as he can, the iron further into the soul of those already crushed. On that same night he meets with an accident which causes him to lose his own identity, and the wanderings which ensue make up his purgatory and expiation on this earth, where he learns all lessons needful. The story is a bit weird, somewhat sensational, yet in parts well told.

Mater Coronata. By Edmund Clarence Stedman, L.H.D., LL.D. (Recited at the Bicentennial Celebration of Yale University XXIII October, MDCCCCI.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 27 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Message of To-Morrow (The). By Rev. John Lloyd Lee, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 307 pages. $1.20, net.

The discourses in this volume, the first of which gives its title to the collection, are good specimens of popular preaching to plain, uncritical hearers. Based on the old theology, the "bones" of which seldom show, they make a vigorous appeal to conscience, and derive ample illustration from the varied experiences of real life.

Minette: A Story of the First Crusade. By George F. Cram. Illustrated by Waldo Bowser and F. D. Schook. John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 397 pages. $1.50.

Here is a romance pitched back into the latter half of the eleventh century, carrying us back to the days of Duke Robert Godfrey de Bourbon and Tancred. The theme is the idyllic love of a maiden betrothed to one Crusader and in love with another, and of the treachery and perfidy of the former lover.

Mistress May. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 231 pages. 80c., net.

Mohawk Valley (The): Its Legends and Its History. By W. Max Reid. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×10 in. 455 pages. $3, net.

This is a book of intense interest; it is also one of real historic value. New York State has too long neglected collecting and putting into suitable form its wealth of local history, romantic incident, and all the human accretions which had gathered around the conflicts taking place between Indians, French and English officials, Dutch, German, Irish, and other settlers. While the theocracy which ruled early New England resulted in breeding from earliest times men of letters who chronicled and made famous its local happenings, Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary New York produced rather men of action and affairs, who left to later generations the proper relating of their deeds of daring, heroism, fortune-building, and the fierce struggle of the Indians to retain their footing. The present volume gives all the local story connected with the Mohawk Valley, from Schenectady to Rome—a route alive with human interest—till again there moves before us the stalking Indian, the dashing French soldier, the redcoats, the proud Tory, and the indomitable Jesuit, while above all looms and dominates that picturesque, big-hearted, honorable, loose-living Irishman, Sir William Johnson—a man whose whole career is hard to measure by the standards of our own day, and whose romantic inequalities bewilder us. The book is beautifully illustrated, and the pictures of the old houses especially stir the imagination.

Musical Basis of Verse (The): A Scientific Study of the Principles of Poetic Composition. By J. P. Dabney. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 269 pages. $1.60.

Reserved for later notice.

Night-Side of Nature (The). By Catherine Crowe. (New Edition, with an Introduction by Thomson Jay Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 451 pages.

This once-famous book has been reprinted because of the recently renewed interest in the domain which lies between psychology and plain ghost-land. Mrs. Crowe made a readable collection of remarkable happenings (or imaginings), and one must not inquire too closely into the evidence upon which they rest. Dr. Hudson provides an introduction in which he describes Mrs. Crowe's work as rising to the dignity, if not of a scientific production, at least of a repository of traditions and beliefs that are of great interest and importance to science. Well, perhaps!

Novels of Samuel Richardson (The). With an Introduction by Ethel M. M. McKenna. 20 vols. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. $20.

It is a satisfaction to commend this tasteful library edition of the novels of Samuel Richardson. In the great number of reprints which have appeared of late years Richardson has been conspicuous by reason of his absence; and yet, for those who wish to familiarize themselves with English fiction, and to have that fiction adequately represented on their library shelves, no books are more necessary than those upon which Richardson put his stamp. As a student of certain aspects of the life of women among the middle classes in the England of the eighteenth century Richardson is quite unrivaled. His repetition and prolixity, which modern readers find it so difficult to tolerate, were entirely acceptable to a generation which had comparatively few books to read and a great deal of time in which to read them. He was not, it is true, the writer of the first English novel, but in a real sense he was the first writer of fully developed English fiction. His vogue in his own time was as great, relatively, as that of the popular novelists of to-day; nor did he fail to capture the interest and the regard of many of the most critical among his contemporaries. In this edition the novels which have left their impression for all time upon English literature are presented in twenty small volumes of the most convenient size, with an etched portrait of Richardson, and with reproductions of scenes illustrative of incidents and events in the story. An introduction is furnished by Ethel M. M. McKenna. The text is that of the edition of 1811, and the

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series fills every requirement of a definitive edition of these notable works.

Nursing. By S. Virginia Levis, M.S.N. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 4¼×6 in. 214 pages. 50c.

Original Girl (An). By Ethel F. Heddle. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 387 in. $1.50.

The original girl is the daughter of a high-born lady and a middle-aged actor with whom she eloped. At the telling of the story the mother is dead, and the actor, aged and poor, is a pathetic figure by reason of his super-refinement and inability to cope with the rougher forces who rule the "stage." The girl is finally claimed by her aristocratic grandmother, and the reader is then introduced to some of the inside workings of high English life.

Outline of a History of Protestant Missions from the Reformation to the Present Time. By Gustav Warneck. Authorized Translation from the Seventh German Edition. Edited by George Robson, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co, New York. 5½×9 in. 364 pages. $2, net.

In the rapidly increasing mass of books on missions this work has distinctive worth. Dr. Warneck, one of the honorary Vice-Presidents of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in 1900, is Professor of Missions at Halle, Germany. The thorough knowledge and critical acumen which distinguish German scholars in other fields of study distinguish him in this. While the work is ecumenical in its range, its accuracy, if one may judge of the whole by its accounts of those matters in which Americans are chiefly concerned, is extraordinary. Dr. Warneck is far from the indiscriminate panegyrist of missions; he does not spare clear-sighted criticism of their weaknesses and defects. Here and there one may dissent from his judgment, but he deserves the gratitude of the Christian world for this presentation, at once elaborate and condensed, of a knowledge of the subject in which he is unsurpassed.

Pavement Masters of Siena (1369-1562) (The). By Robert H. Hobart Cust, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 159 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Pearls from the Wonder-Book. By the Rev. Thomas A. King. The Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa. 4¼×7 in. 217 pages. 40c.

People and Property. By Edwin B. Jennings. The Abbey Press, New York. 4×7½ in. 109 pages. 50c.

Photography as a Fine Art. By Charles H. Caffin. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 191 pages. $3.

Not less valuable than the practical information and suggestions in this article are the extremely interesting specimens of fine photographic work from the camera of such artists as Mrs. Käsebier, Mr. Stieglitz, Mr. C. H. White, and others. The contrast between the typical portrait photographs of the sixties and the superb work in art photographic portraiture done by photographers of our time is illuminating; and nothing could prove so clearly the advances of the art. Mr. Caffin's title gives a true idea of the scope and intent of the book. It is admirably printed in a quarto volume, and in every detail of typography and decoration is refined and satisfying.

Poems of the Past and the Present. By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 260 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Princess Cynthia (The). By Marguerite Bryant. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.20, net.

Quaker (The): A Study in Costume. By Amelia Mott Gummere. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5½×9 in. 232 pages. $3, net.

One of the most charming volumes of the holiday season is this book, exquisitely bound in Quaker gray. Opening it, we find that the paper, print, and illustrations are worthy of the original and satisfying cover. The text has to do with Quaker costume, and is a painstaking endeavor to portray the Quaker as he really was. The author has had the use of original sources and many early records not easily accessible. The book is a unique contribution to the list of Christmas publications.

Readings from the Bible: Selected for Schools and to be Read in Unison. Under Supervision of the Chicago Women's Educational Union. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 192 pages.

Real Queen's Fairy Tales (A). By Carmen Sylva. Translated by Miss Edith Hopkirk. Illustrated. Davis & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 229 pages.

One of the most charming books of the season, and one of the best pieces of modern fairy-tale making which has appeared for many a day. Carmen Sylva has both the sentiment and the imagination which ally her in sympathy with childhood. The introductory chapter in this volume is a description of her own childhood, and is a very delightful piece of writing; fresh, convincing, full of naïveté, and penetrated throughout with a sensitive imagination. The stories are not moralizations, though the moral in each is clear enough; they are good specimens of honest, straightforward story-telling. The volume is extremely well made, with very taking illustrations, bordered with designs in colors, and contains an interesting portrait of the Queen.

Real World (The). By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 358 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Rook's Nest. By Izola L. Forrester. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 328 pages. $1, net.

A story for young people, which begins with their childhood and carries them along into love and marriage. It is well told as to keeping up interest, and presents several enjoyable episodes. One of the young persons has literary aspirations and finds her way cleared through having first found her way to the editor's heart. It is to be hoped that other young people will not "bank much" on following this precedent.

Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism. By Ida M. Street. Herbert M. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 460 pages.

Ruskin's basic principle was the power of spirit over matter. He applied this principle

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to every phase of art and life. He was never merely an art critic; his value as such was equally his value as a philosopher. Before he formed opinions concerning any work of art he looked at that work, not only in itself, but in its relation to others of the same class, in its relations to nature, to the public, and, finally, to the artist himself. Thus he thought of things in their universal relations; and yet in his writings, before we know how far his criticisms are based on universal laws, we need to eliminate the personal equation. Philosopher as he was, in his books, as a rule, we do not find clear and connected thinking. Readers of Ruskin, therefore, have always needed an indexed and annotated book of selections from his writings. The present volume admirably fills that place. In connection with her general introduction, and with chapters on "The Philosophical Point of View," "The Individualistic Point of View," and "The Social Value of Art," there are typical selections from Ruskin's writings, together with much illuminative talk by Miss Street herself. The first three divisions of the work are more satisfactory than the last. While a complete arrangement of Ruskin's dicta on political economy might have unduly expanded the volume, we still think that the chapter on "The Social Value of Art" could have been lengthened with profit: it considers only a few points in the relation of art and society. It is well supplemented by Dr. Waldstein's little volume on Ruskin, however. Together these books make clearer and weightier the thoughts of a great man. By them we learn to realize, as we can hardly realize from our first reading, that Ruskin was not only a pungent critic, but a real philosopher. His thoughts on art, for instance, were also thoughts on ethics and life. In the ultimate analysis, every true work of art has an ethical effect on its sincere admirers. Ruskin always struggled to emphasize this. He did it eloquently—indeed, who in any age has ever better expounded the laws of beauty and their relation to goodness and truth?

Rose Garden of Persia (The). By Louisa Stuart Costello. (New Edition.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 196 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Salt-Box House (The): Eighteenth Century Life in a New England Hill Town. By Jane de Fore Shelton. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.50, net.

A new and illustrated edition called out by the favorable reception deservedly accorded to these thoroughly enjoyable talks about old-time customs, traditions, and habits of thought as well as of conduct in New England more than a century ago.

Select Documents of English Constitutional History. Edited by George Burton Adams and H. Morse Stephens. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 555 pages. $2.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Silent Highway (The): A Story of the McAll Mission. By Louise Seymour Houghton. The Evangelist Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 292 pages.

What the chapel cars of evangelists do in home missionary work on our railways, especially in the West and Southwest, the chapel boat does on the canals and waterways of France, under the direction of the McAll Mission, which began in 1879 at Paris and has spread through France with most beneficent results. This boat work is the theme of this impressive story. Its incidents and characters are all real, though the thread of narrative on which they are strung is fictitious. Though very simple, the story is full of a profoundly human as well as religious interest. It deserves a place in every Sunday-school library, though intended for and deserving a wider use.

Shrine of Silence (The). By Henry Frank. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 273 pages. $1.50.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By Malcolm Bell. Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 75 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Student Life and Customs. By Henry D. Sheldon, Ph D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 366 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Studies in the Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles. By Edward I. Bosworth. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 217 pages. 75c.

Sunday and the Sabbath. (The Golden Lectures for 1900-1901.) By R. H. Gamble, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 157 pages. $1, net.

In view of the nebulous state of mind which prevails in regard to the duty of Sunday observance, this is a timely and useful book. The six lectures in which it discusses the subject were delivered to audiences of business men in London at the noon hour, and treat the question with plain directness. They aim to steer between the extremes of Sabbatarianism and secularism, and take the view that the observance of Sunday as a day of rest and worship is not required by the Fourth Commandment, but by the spirit of Christianity. Its primary purpose is religious, but this is held to be perfectly consistent with such personal recreation as does not interfere with the religious use of the day by others—a proviso that makes strongly against the present secularizing tendency.

"The Debatable Land." By Arthur Colton. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

Three Essentials (The): A Baccalaureate Discourse. By Henry Mitchell MacCracken. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9¼ in. 16 pages. 25c.

Through Hell with Hiprah Hunt: A Series of Pictures and Notes of Travel Illustrating the Adventures of a Modern Dante in the Infernal Regions. By Arthur Young. Zimmerman's, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 7¼×9½ in. 126 pages.

Tone Masters and Their Interpreters (The): A Musical Game. By Elizabeth C. Marsh. Address Orders to Mrs. Dwight W. Marsh, Amherst, Mass. 50c.

Two Centuries of American Law, 1701-1901. By Members of the Faculty of the Yale Law School. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 538 pages.

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Types of Naval Officers: With Some Remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare during the 18th Century. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8¾ in. 500 pages. $2.50, net.

Captain Mahan's latest volume may not have such wide reading as his other recent books have enjoyed, because it has to do with the eighteenth and not with the nineteenth century. Regarded as a contribution to history, however, it will rank with his "Nelson"—a work which he considers his most important contribution to literature. The present volume supplements that noble biography, and also "The Influence of Sea Power upon History." It thus forms an essential part of Captain Mahan's account of naval history since 1660. "Types of Naval Officers" might have received a more specific definition, however. The volume includes memoirs of six British Admirals—Lords Hawke, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Saumurez, and Exmouth. Not one of these was born to the peerage; each raised himself to high professional and social rank by distinguished and patriotic service. Interesting types as were these men, the volume has perhaps greater value in illuminating the forty-year conflict which began in the first half of the eighteenth century concerning the right of British ships to frequent the seas bordering the American dominions of Spain—a conflict which finally drew in Europe, French India, and French North America, in the end entailing the expulsion of France from our continent. By inevitable sequence, as Captain Mahan says, the independence of the United States followed.

Uncle Tom the Burglar. By Mabel E. Wotton. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5×7½ in. 188 pages. $1.

Under the Skylights. By Henry B. Fuller. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 382 pages. $1.50.

Three very skillfully written short stories from a thoroughly trained hand, dealing in a semi-humorous and semi-satirical mood with aspects of life in Chicago, with very effectively suggested contrasts between the life of a community which is forming itself and the ideals and spirit of art. The first of these sketches is a character-study, and readers who are well informed will hardly be able to resist the conviction that they have recognized the original of the portrait.

Velvet Glove (The). By Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

No one knows better than does Mr. Merriman how to tell his story so as to carry his readers breathlessly along to the end. This story, the scene of which is laid in Spain, is an excellent illustration of the abruptness with which he starts, taking his reader with him from the first paragraph, the deftness with which he dovetails the various elements of his plot, and the easy skill with which he first tangles the skein and then unravels it. No one who begins this novel will lay it down unfinished. It is not so convincing as one or two of the earlier stories, but it is quite as skillful; and it must be counted among the most interesting stories of the season. The plot, which turns on the attempt of the Jesuits to secure the fortune of a young girl by persuading her to enter upon a religious life, the money to be used to advance the Carlist cause, carries with it a great air of reality, and is narrated as if the writer were recording current history.

Vicar and His Friends (The). Reported by Cunningham Geikie, D.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 348 pages. $1.50.

The Vicar, a true shepherd of his people, whose pastoral work has not prevented him from browsing among many books, is blessed with a rare lot of friends, wide readers also, who spend ambrosial hours in conversations reported in these pages. All subjects from stars to bacilli, from bishops to spooks, all nations, and all religions, contribute to these intellectual symposia. There is enough of the amusing in them to prevent their becoming top-heavy with seriousness. But Anglican bishops and theological dogmas get a full measure of serious criticism before the conferences end, not, however, without presenting the simplicity and humanity of real religion in a most attractive light.

Wanderings in Three Continents. By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 313 pages. $3.50, net.

This book will reach a great reading public hitherto unreached by Sir Richard Burton's other volumes. They were all bulky books; some of them are now out of copyright and out of print. The present volume comprises a condensation of Sir Richard's most important journeys. They were, in North America, the trip to Salt Lake City; in South America, the Brazilian journey; in Africa, the Dahomé, Congo, Somaliland, and Tanganyika expeditions; finally, in Asia, those to Damascus, Palmyra, Mecca, and Medina. Thus these were really journeys in four continents, calling North and South America two. The only criticism which occurs to the reader in turning page after page of this valuable book is that it has been almost over-condensed. One longs for more color, and one has a certain sense of irritation knowing that the traveler originally supplied more color. However, for this much we must be grateful to Mr. Wilkins, the editor of all the Burton MSS., and the author of "The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton." The present is the second volume published out of the Burton miscellany, the first having been "The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islâm." As is fitting, "Wanderings in Three Continents" is clearly printed on specially admirable paper, and is bound in good taste.

When Mother was a Little Girl. By Frances S. Brewster. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 229 pages. 80c., net.

Works of Charles Dickens. (The Authentic Edition.) To be completed in 21 vols. Vol. XIX., **A Child's History of England.** Vol. XX., **Christmas Stories.** Vol. XXI., **The Mystery of Edwin Drood and Master Humphrey's Clock.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. **$1.50 per volume.**

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